

THE UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA
LIBRARY



THE WILMER COLLECTION
OF CIVIL WAR NOVELS
PRESENTED BY
RICHARD H. WILMER, JR.

106

WILMER COLLECTION

WILMER COLLECTION





E. E. Ellsworth

A

HOUSEHOLD STORY

OF THE

AMERICAN CONFLICT.

The Brother Soldiers.

"The Union must be preserved."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY
MARY S. ROBINSON.

New York:
N. TIBBALS,
37 PARK ROW AND 145 NASSAU STREET.
1866.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by

N. TIBBALS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of New York.

P R E F A C E.

SOME account of the American war, adapted to the children gathered in our churches, and largely dependent on our Sunday-school libraries for mental recreation, has been thought to be a *desideratum* by those interested in their needs. Such an account, conveyed in a familiar, unpretending manner, has been attempted in this volume, the first of a short series. It is meant to extend through the war, giving prominence, not merely to its important events, but to the generous and soldierly virtues that characterized the times. To this end, and not alone for childish entertainment, many credible incidents have been admitted that illustrate our conflict, if they do not directly make a part of it.

True patriotism is so nearly allied to the religious sentiment, and the conduct of our people during the war was so largely shaped and sustained by American Christianity, that it has been thought unnecessary to give to the present volume a directly religious character. Such facts as these, occurring in the self-defence of a Christian people, would, perhaps, teach more forcibly than exhor-

tations or abstract lessons upon Divine Providence and the power of right.

The writer acknowledges her indebtedness to Greeley's "American Conflict," Putnam's comprehensive "Record of the Rebellion," Holland's "Life of Lincoln," Parton's "Life of Butler," Rev. P. B. Ferris's "Heroes of the War," to the sermons, current magazines, and papers of the time, and other sources, both private and public. For statistics, reference has been mainly made to official reports.

The material of the volume being truthful, will, it is hoped, prove not valueless to the young minds who may receive it. May it help them to maintain "the good fight" of their own lives, with something of the valiancy and success that attended this crisis in their national history!

November, 1866.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

GOING FORTH FOR THE GOOD CAUSE.

The Son's Letter—Its Effect at Home—Kings and Palaces—
Daniel's Purpose—The Decision—The Departure—The
Ploughshare and the Sword.....9

CHAPTER II.

WAR AT SUMTER—BLOODSHED AT BALTIMORE.

A Word about Slavery—Proving it from the Bible—Major An-
derson at Sumter—Our Flag—Leaving the Fort—"Billy
Johnson, that Fought 'at' Lundy's Lane"—A Letter from
Washington—A Secession Mob—A Standard-Bearer wor-
thy of his Flag—Another Salute to the Stars and Stripes—
Washington Threatened—A Yankee Ballad.....23

CHAPTER III.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR ARMY.

The Uprising of the North—The Merchant's Son—The Qua-
ker's Clerk—The Indiana Man—The Vermonter—Sewing in
Liberty Hall—An Old Lady's Contribution—New Boots for
the Soldier—Salem's Watch-Cry—The Blacksmith and his
Boys—Adieu to the Seventh—Loss of the Navy Yard—Sol-
diers must go through Maryland—Butler's Passage through
the State.....41

CHAPTER IV.

WESTERN TRAITORS OUTWITTED.

News from Missouri—State Rights—The Arsenal at St. Louis attacked—Captain Stokes' Exploits—Camp Jackson surrenders to Lyon.....63

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BEREAVEMENT OF THE WAR.

Colonel Ellsworth—His Character as a Boy—His Pursuits when a Youth—The Young Captain and Christian—Tour of the Company—Disappointment—Raising the New York Regiment—The Last Letter—The Meeting on the Stairs—The Mourning of the People.....73

CHAPTER VI.

THE COAST, THE RELAY HOUSE, AND FORTRESS MONROE.

The Blockade—Southern Ports—How the Money is Raised—Searching Car Passengers—Work done at "Freedom Fort"—"Swear Him In"—Arrival of Contrabands—Butler's Reply to Col. Mallory—The Mistake at Big Bethel—Another Young Hero is Slain—Sergeant Goodfellow—Lieutenant Greble—Faithful unto Death—Story of Adjutant Stevens—Ministering to the Wounded.....84

CHAPTER VII.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A Dangerous French Lady—John Brown—Rosecrans in Virginia—Wheeling—The Soldier at Vienna—Lander's Ride—Col. Dumont decides the Victory at Carrick's Ford—A new kind of Bombshell.....104

CHAPTER VIII.

A GREAT DISASTER.

The News from Bull Run—Gloom throughout the Land—The Hampton Legion and General Jackson—The Arrival of Kirby Smith—Patterson's Error—Patriotic Disobedience—The "Child" of the Sixth.....118

CHAPTER IX.

GLIMPSES OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

General Pierce—Specimens from the Scrap-Book—Three Soldiers—New Hampshire, Ohio, and Michigan Boys.....130

CHAPTER X.

WILSON'S CREEK.

The Guerrillas—How Cairo was Saved—Gen. Lyon at Wilson's Creek—Another Volunteer—The Rebels of Memphis—A Spy on his Errand—The Effect of the Letter.....137

CHAPTER XI.

PRIVATEERS AND THEIR CRIMES.

The Voice of the Nation—The Flag below the Cross—Organizing the Army—The Sumter—Captain McGilvery's Wife—The Affair at Hatteras—More about Western Virginia—The Misfortune at Ball's Bluff—Col. Baker—The Twenty-first of October—East and West—Roger's Song.....150

CHAPTER XII.

REFUGEES AND THEIR SORROWS.

- The North forced to Fight—The fighting Chaplain's Prayer—
 The Spirit of Slavery—A Sorrowful Story—Southern Ruf-
 fians—A Trial of Guessing.....167

CHAPTER XIII.

A DEFENCE AND AN ASSAULT.

- Mail Days in Camp—Affairs in Fremont's Department—The
 Danger at Lexington—The Struggle for the Hospital—The
 Surrender—Advancing to Springfield—A Famous Charge—
 The valiant Bugler—Fremont recalled.....173

CHAPTER XIV.

HOLIDAYS.

- Going to Church—The First Sleigh-Ride of the Season—The
 Rough Regiment at Santa Rosa—Daniel's Furlough—His
 Experiences—Port Royal—A Procession of Ships—The
 Spoils Taken—Beaufort—The Boatman's Song—The Second
 Adieu.....183

THE BROTHER SOLDIERS.

CHAPTER I.

GOING FORTH FOR THE GOOD CAUSE.

“HERE’S a letter from Daniel, wife!” said Mr. Warren, coming in from the post-office.

“From Daniel!” said Mrs. Warren, “Why, he writes early this week. What’s the matter?”

“Oh, nothing, I take it. Let’s hear what he has to say.”

So Mrs. Warren read aloud:

ATHURST, April —, 1861.

MY BELOVED PARENTS:

Ever since I sent you last week’s letter, I have been able to think of little else than our country’s peril; for every one here is talking about it, and I find it almost impossible to apply myself to my books. You have doubtless

seen the notice in the newspapers that the President is about to issue to the nation a call for troops. It is thought that the militia of our State will be needed in a few days, and there are men in this town who are getting ready to leave, soon as the word comes. Now, what I want to know, dear parents, is whether you will consent to let me go with the company here. I was on the point of asking you in my last, but concluded I had better first think the matter over fully to myself. I regret, as you must, the delay this step will make in my college course, for I shall have to give up all hope of entering as senior next autumn. But I am willing to defer my plans, and even to give them up, if necessary. So far as I am concerned, my mind is clear on this point. I *ought* to serve my country in her need. Think, dear parents, what a crisis the present emergency may be in our history. Perhaps it will not last long; perhaps in a few months I can come back to books and home. I earnestly hope you will send me your consent; if I could get it by return of mail, I should be free to leave at a moment's warning. But if there is time, you will see me home first, if only for a flying visit. I believe, if you think this matter over thoroughly, you will be of my opinion, and say "Go." And be sure, please, to send word back soon; if the *right* word, right away. My love to Maedy and the boys, with heaps left for Aunt Ellen and yourselves.

As ever, your affectionate son,

DANIEL WARREN.

RBC
11-13

The mother's voice had trembled more and more in reading this letter, and now her face looked deeply troubled. Both she and Aunt Ellen kept silence, but Mr. Warren left his seat and walked the floor. After a moment he said, "He wants to turn soldier! Well! Well! It's come sudden as a thunder-clap. We can't spare him, though—can't think of it for a moment. He mustn't go."

"And yet, if Daniel's mind is once made up, he's not easily moved," said Aunt Ellen. "I've wondered sometimes if all the excitement we've had lately wouldn't have its influence on him, and lead him to this very step."

"But we can't let him take it," repeated the father, decidedly. "I'll dissuade him. I'll write this very night,—the letter will go in the morning's mail. It's not best to wait, is it wife?"

"I can't say; let us think about it awhile. To give him up so suddenly would be terrible, yet—" The mother paused, hardly knowing what else to say.

So the parents considered the matter in their own hearts, and consulted together till late into the night. The result was, Mr. Warren wrote back to Daniel that, if "still of the opinion he ought to go, his parents could not say No;" but they urged him to come home, that they might look upon his face once more, and proposed that he should leave with the Fairbrook company, instead of going back to Athurst. This sacrifice of their son was not the less deeply felt because so readily made. All the next day, as Mrs. Warren moved about her household duties, her heart was with her boy. When she made ready his little room she could think only of the bright face that had so often turned to hers as Daniel bent over his books. Would he really go? she wondered. Would he not think differently when he came to be at home with them all? When she spread the coverlid of his bed, she thought how soon his form might be lying stark and stiff, ready for a soldier's grave. Many tears fell from the mother's eyes as these pic-

tures of the past and of the possible future passed before her; but she kept a serene face, for Daniel must not see her falter. Nor did he when, after two days, he was welcomed back to the home fireside. The children, Franklin, Roger and Maedy, were at first greatly troubled at the thought of losing their brother. Nobody, in their eyes, was so wise as Daniel,—at least none but their father and mother. They clung around him fondly, now caressing and now complaining, child-fashion.

“What do you want to go and leave us for, Daniel?” said little Maedy. When a little girl she had given herself that name, instead of her true one Mary; so “Maedy” she had been called ever since.

“Ah,” said Daniel, “I can’t tell you *all* the ‘whys,’ little one. You wouldn’t understand them all now, but you will by and by. Wouldn’t you like me to write you a letter sometime, Maedy, when I go to Washington, and see the President?”

“Oh, wouldn’t I like to see Washington!” exclaimed Franklin.

“What for?” asked Maedy.

“Why, because it’s the capital of the country,” said Franklin. “The President lives there, and it’s full of great houses, and senators, and soldiers—isn’t it, Daniel? You’ll write us a letter when you get there, won’t you?”

“Brother Daniel, when you write home I wish you’d leave out all the big words,” exclaimed Roger, who was a couple of years younger than Franklin. “Write *easy*, so that we children can understand, will you? There’s Frank, he can make out the longest kind of a lingo; but I’m one of the numskull kind. I shall want to hear about your battles and all that. Write for us all, will you?”

“Yes,” said Daniel, “I’ll try to, though it isn’t as easy a thing as you may think, for big people to talk like little ones.”

“Brother,” said Franklin, “I thought countries like ours didn’t have wars. Our history tells about ever so many kings that used to fight with each other all the time. But we haven’t kings, and yet now every

one says we're going to have a war. I don't see that we're any better off than other people."

"Don't you?" said Daniel. "How would you like it if, when you grew to be a young man, you had to leave your studies or your business—whatever you were doing—to be a soldier; if the king's officers wouldn't let you off, except you could pay them hundreds of dollars, and sometimes not then; if the king's policemen could enter your house whenever he chose and search it through from garret to cellar, even to reading your letters; if, when you happened to write or say anything not pleasing to the king, or to go with people that he disliked, you were thrown into a dungeon, or, may be, sent away from home forever, thankful then that your head wasn't cut off; if you couldn't make a visit to New York unless you paid for a passport and carried it along, describing you as a man the New York king need have no fear of; if you had to pay a certain sum to the govern-

ment for every window in your house, every horse and carriage in your barn, and if you had to submit to all this, not only when the king was at war, but all the time; and if this strict way of dealing with you was not so much that the people might be safe and happy—for that they are not—but that the king should be free from alarm, and might have all the gold and jewels he wanted, beside more servants, and horses, and parks, and palaces than I could number in a day?"

"Palaces!" said Roger, looking up from the arrow he had begun to whittle during Daniel's talk. "Why, I always thought it would be fun to live where they had parks and palaces. They shoot deer in them, don't they?"

"Shoot deer in palaces," laughed Maedy.

"Well, in the parks, then," answered Roger, joining in the laugh.

"Yes, *they* do; but they wouldn't let you," answered Daniel, "nor any one but the king and his court. I rather think,

boys, by the time you're men you'll find yourselves better off in America than in any king-land. You children hear a great deal said about our "free country," the "liberty" we enjoy, and so on. But you don't know what these words mean, nor what our freedom is, just because you haven't yet learned how other nations live. Why, one of our college fellows, who has been abroad, was telling me about a man that he and his father saw in Austria. They stopped at a little out-of-the-way place among the mountains, where there was a prison. This man was one of the prisoners, but just then he was at his daily work, sweeping the streets, with a ball and chain round his foot, and an armed soldier dogging his heels. He was a nobleman of the land, too, but had tried to gain a little more liberty for his countrymen,—was what they call a 'political offender,'—and the Emperor sent him up there for life."

"Are emperors bad as kings?" asked Maedy.

"Yes," said Daniel. "Generally they are

worse, for they have more power ; it isn't good for a man to have much power over others, unless he has a great spirit that will use it rightly. There are not many good kings nor emperors ; there never were."

"Why not?" said Roger. "I should think the people would choose only good men for kings.

"Why, Roger!" said Frank, "Don't you know they don't ever choose him? He's born to the kingdom. When the king dies, they take the oldest son and crown *him*. They never choose one, do they, Daniel?"

"No, not now," said his brother ; "that is the way a king is made, no matter whether he is kind or cruel, wise or foolish ; he may be the most wicked man in the nation, yet if he is the oldest son of the royal family, he's crowned king over the people."

"Whew!" exclaimed Roger, "that's tough. We never shall have any of those fellows here, shall we?"

"No, *sir*," said Daniel, with an amused look. "I don't think we shall. Our

Union is rather different from the Old World monarchies, as you will find out, the older you grow; and one reason why I want to go to the war, little Maedy, is because the miserable rebels are trying to ruin our Government. They are like robbers who should come and carry away our furniture, and tear us away from each other. No, the rebels are worse; for their crime would harm not one, but many families for scores, perhaps hundreds, of years to come."

"Will they hurt us?" said Maedy, in some alarm. "Do you think they will come here, brother?"

"No, little one," said Daniel, more gently, "I don't believe God will let them. But you know if we want God to prevent anything we must prevent it ourselves all we can. So I'm going now to do what I can; but I guess we won't have a long war, Maedy," he added, kissing the sober little face before him. "I may be back again before your next birthday; come, show me the new skipping-rope I saw you trying;"

and in a few minutes Maedy had forgotten the dangerous rebels in her attempts to show Daniel how she could already jump "up to twenty without missing."

Daniel was so earnest in his purpose that the children caught something of his spirit, and ceased to grieve over his determination. But the father and mother could not give him up so easily. They hardly dared say he must stay, for they were not sure that it would be right; yet if by any means they could have kept him at home, how glad they would have been! They *wanted* to give him up willingly; they certainly did not wish their son to excel them in devotion to their country; but they were reluctant, out of love to him.

"I believe it would break our hearts, Daniel, if anything should happen to you," said his father, in a husky voice, as they talked together that evening after the little ones had gone to rest. The young man said nothing; he felt his mother's eyes were upon him, with such sorrow in them

that he dared not trust himself to speak. "I think, father," he said, after a moment, "that the same One who gives me strength now to go and defend a good cause, and gives you and mother strength for the separation, will be 'sufficient' for us both in any evil that may overtake us—any evil whatever. Besides," he added, looking up cheerfully, "I shall feel safer fighting, if that's what we're to do, than I should here at home. If I were to stay, and then should get sick or hurt, I believe I should die of regret."

"But, Daniel," said his mother, "you've always been used to good food and clothes; you're very particular, you know, about some things. What will you do when you have no spotless wristbands, nor collars; when you must eat salt pork and hard bread, or go without; and you're not used to hard work, my son; you'll find this new life all the harder because you've been so long in the habit of sitting still over your books."

"Now, mother," said Daniel, in an in-

jured tone, though with a gleam of mischief in his eye, "I didn't think you'd talk against me, whatever others might say. A poor, feeble, dandified fellow like me, then, had better get out of the way; little use he'd be at home. So you don't think I'm capable of doing without my ordinary comforts, though thousands of other men can give up theirs? That's what you mean, is it, mother?"

"Oh, Daniel," said his mother, with a loving smile, "you know I don't mean any such thing."

"Why, just look at me," said the young man rising, his face aglow with an earnest purpose. "I'm young and strong, just the one that ought to go; one who could give the least excuse for not going. Whenever the fellows in college went off on an excursion—we made many a one last summer, looking up specimens in Geology and Natural History, I could walk as far as any one, and climb as high. I've heard larger fellows than myself complain of weariness before I'd thought of it. No,

no, I have no reason for staying quietly at home, while multitudes of other young men give themselves to the work of putting down the rebellion.

“If one of us were sick, father,” he added, “you wouldn’t spare money nor strength for us; you’d give your last dollar to save us. Now, in view of this danger threatening us all, relatives, friends and country, won’t you give me up just for a time? Isn’t it merely doing the little we can for ourselves, as well as for the country that you’ve taught us to honor, and the Union that we believe is the best government on the earth? I confess I feel as the President did, when he said, ‘I shall consider myself one of the happiest men in the world, if I can help save it.’ Why, our great-grandfather fought for it, as you used to tell us, at Lexington and Bunker Hill. I was looking to-day at the battered old musket up stairs. We mustn’t let the family degenerate, father. I want to be worthy of him.”

Mrs. Warren turned a face beaming with

pride and love toward her son, though something more than pride glistened in her eyes. "We will not keep you, Daniel," she said, "If you go, my blessing shall follow you. I cannot bid you stay against your will."

"Your mother is right," said Mr. Warren, after a moment's silence.

So it was settled that Daniel should go.

The next morning the President's call for seventy-five thousand men, and the Governor's requisition for the State were read to the crowd gathered in front of the church on the village green. And then Daniel came home with his father to bid good-by. A few hours were spent in hasty preparations; a little Bible, marked with a line from his mother's hand and moistened with her tears, was slipped into his breast-pocket; a hurried, choking meal, at which everybody tried to be cheerful; a solemn moment afterward, when the father commended his son to the keeping of that other Father whose love is all-powerful,—and Daniel was gone! They





could still discern him in the Fairbrook company, as it marched across the green; now it was turning the corner—now he was gone indeed!

Little Maedy cried bitterly, and even Frank and Roger could not keep back their tears. But after a little, Aunt Ellen wiped her eyes and said, "Come, children, we must be brave like our Daniel; he'd be sorry to see us grieving overmuch. Here, Maedy, I've found a sheet for your doll-bedstead, don't you want to hem it? And Roger, suppose you put the finishing polish on your bow and arrow."

"Where's my scrap-book? Aunt Ellen, will you make me some mucilage?" said Franklin, "I have some more clippings for it."

"Yes indeed; and I have some, too, saved away for you—extracts and pictures."

"Here's a good one," he exclaimed, as he looked over the collection. "I believe I'll have a 'War Department' in my book, and put this in. Here's 'Warren;' it can't be about Daniel."

“Oh, no,” said Aunt Ellen, smiling, “That must be General Warren, a brave old Massachusetts soldier, whose battle-cry used to be, ‘Tis sweet for our country to die.’ He did die for it at last. Perhaps we’re related to him, though I never heard that we were.”

“What’s this?” said Franklin, looking over the papers. “‘The Two Furrows.’ It looks like a story. You read it, please, Aunt Ellen.”

“Well, if you wish,” she said, and read aloud:

The spring-time came, but not with mirth,
The banner of our trust,
And with it, the best hopes of earth
Were trailing in the dust.

The farmer saw the shame from far,
And pausing in the field;
“Not the blade of peace, but the brand of war,
This arm of mine must yield.

With ready strength the farmer tore
The iron from the wood,
And to the village smith he bore
The ploughshare stout and good.

The blacksmith's arms were bare and brown
And loud the bellows roared ;
The farmer flung his ploughshare down,
" Now, forge me out a sword ! "

And then a merry, merry chime
The sounding anvil rung ;
Good sooth ! it was a nobler rhyme
Than ever poet sung.

The blacksmith wrought with skill that day ;
The blade was keen and bright,
And now where thickest is the fray,
The farmer leads the fight.

Not as of old the blade he sways,
To break the meadow's sleep,
But through the rebel ranks he lays
A furrow broad and deep.

The farmer's face is burned and brown,
But light is on his brow ;
Right well he knows what blessings crown
The furrow of the plow.

" But better is to-day's success, "
Thus ran the farmer's word ;
" For nations yet unborn shall bless
This furrow of the sword ! "

CHAPTER II.

WAR AT SUMTER, BLOODSHED AT BALTIMORE.

IN the evening Maedy sat on her father's knee, talking of her absent brother. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "If Daniel could only have staid with us! Why can't they get along without a war, papa?"

"We can, my darling, but the rebels will not; they are determined to fight. They struck the first blow at Sumter, you know."

"But what did they for?" persisted Maedy. "I've heard something about Fort Sumter, but I don't see why they wanted to fight. Won't you tell me all about it, papa?"

"That would be considerable for a small head to hold;" said the father, stroking her hair, and thinking a moment. "Well, these Southern men, that you hear so much said of now-a-days, are slaveholders, you

know; they think it is right to own colored people, to make them work, to sell their wives and little children away to strangers, and to do many other things that are very wicked and very cruel."

"How do the poor slaves get food or clothes, if they have to work so for their masters all the time?" asked Maedy.

"Oh, the slave-owners take care of them, but sometimes poorly enough. I was reading lately of a place in the South where negroes were thought to be well treated, and what do you think was each one's regular food for a week? A peck of corn and about a quarter of a pound of meat—not so much meat for a working man as you have every day, Maedy. Well, it happened after awhile, that many people saw how wrong slavery was, and the Southerners began to fear that they could not keep their negroes."

"What made those men like slavery?" interrupted Maedy.

"Oh, many years ago, when our country was ruled by an English king, and men

didn't know right from wrong so well as they do now, our people held slaves. Other countries had them too. The masters soon found how useful the poor black creatures were to work, especially in the great cotton fields of the South. So when we Northern people set our slaves free, the men down there said, 'They won't work if we give them liberty, and we can't do without them.' 'Yes, but it is wrong for one man to own another,' said we. Then they tried to persuade themselves it wasn't. At last they really declared it was right; their ministers preached on the righteousness of slavery, and tried to prove it from the Bible. Now, you know, Maedy, when you run down hill, you go faster and faster; and so it is with people who do wrong; unless they stop suddenly, they do it more and more—always faster. In the South they ill-treated men who opposed slavery. Some were put in prison, others were tormented and killed. The masters became more cruel to their slaves, and

more quarrelsome with us, till at last a number of them came together and said, 'Let us live by ourselves; we'll make a nation of our own; then we can keep our slaves without trouble, and do what we like with them. To be sure, we must break our oath to defend the United States Government. We must rob it of land, money, forts, guns, everything we can for our new nation; but never mind, we'll try it.' So they began. They had muskets sent South, and United States soldiers sent North. Those of the slavery men who were Senators at Washington deserted their places; some of them, such as Jefferson Davis, President of the so-called Confederacy, now hold office in their pretended Government. These men worked with all their might to force the Southern States out of the Union. But you may be sure the patriotic people in the North were not asleep all this time. They watched and made ready, though hoping always that there would be no fighting. 'We will not go to war with men of our own nation,

unless they drive us to it,' said they. Now, in South Carolina, where the rebels are most noisy, there were a few Government soldiers, taking care of the forts that guard Charleston harbor ; but when they learned what the rebels were doing, their commander, Major Anderson, brought them into one place, that in case of danger they might make the stronger defense. He chose for this purpose Fort Sumter, named from a hero who fought in the Revolution, which you'll study about some day, Maedy. After the little band of soldiers were safely lodged in old Sumter, they gathered with uncovered heads around their commander to see the flag raised. But before it was hoisted, the chaplain prayed God to defend it, and to help them in their extremity. You can think what an earnest prayer that was. 'Amen,' responded every man at the close, and then the Major, holding the cords, let loose the white stars. That flag was never given up to the rebels.

“ But it made a tremendous fluttering

among them. They called upon Major Anderson to 'evacuate' the fort; that is, go off and leave it. Being a steadfast man, he wouldn't go, though what would become of his eighty men he did not know, for the rebels had driven away a steamer laden with provisions for the garrison. Right before their eyes it had to turn homewards with its cargo. 'If the Major refuses to go, he must be driven out,' said the Secessionists; they could not bear any longer to see that 'dirty rag,' as they called the American banner, floating over Charleston waters. Accordingly they mustered a host of men—twelve thousand all told—more than could be crowded into our meeting-house, if you filled it twelve times over; they planted their cannon and mortars at the fort, and fired till our men had to cover their mouths with wet blankets to keep out fire and smoke. So they battled for two days and a night; when the flag was shot away, another was instantly nailed to the staff. But at last, being so few, the powder

nearly spent, and the Fort on fire, they could avail nothing by remaining, so they 'saluted the flag,' that is, fired guns in its honor, and marched out of the battered walls with beating drums and flying colors. A Federal steamer was in the harbor, and they took passage to New-York. Now, my little girl, you see why Daniel has gone to the war. The rebels began it at Sumter; he and thousands of others want to help in bringing it to an end. I read the other day about an old man—did I tell you about him, the old hero that wanted to enlist?"

"No, papa, what did he do?"

"I'll find the story for you," said the father, looking over the magazines that lay at hand on the table. "Here it is:

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came:
He sought the chief who led him on many a field of
fame,—

The chief who shouted, "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,

And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, general," the batter'd soldier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at
your side?

Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lundy's
Lane?

'Tis true I'm old and pension'd; but I want to fight
again."

"Have I forgotten," said the chief, my brave old sol-
dier? No!

And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you
so;

But you have done your share, my friend; you're
crippled, old, and gray,

And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood
to-day."

"But, general," cried the veteran, a flush upon his
brow,

"The very men who fought with us, they say, are
traitors now.

They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old Red,
White, and Blue;

And, while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop
is true.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old
gun,

To get the range of traitors' hearts and pick them one
by one.

Your minie rifles and such arms it a'n't worth while to
try;

I couldn't get the hang of them; but I'll keep my pow-
der dry!"

“God bless you, comrade!” said the chief; “God
bless your loyal heart!

But younger men are in the field, and claim to have
their part:

They’ll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town,
And woe henceforth to any hand that dares to pull it
down!”

“But, general,” still persisting, the weeping veteran
cried,

“I’m young enough to follow, so long as you’re my
guide;

And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that at
least can I:

So give the young ones a place to fight, but me a place
to die!

“If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in com-
mand,

Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-staff in my
hand:

No odds how hot the cannon smoke, or how the shells
may fly,

I’ll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till
I die!

“I’m ready, general, so you let a post to me be given,
Where Washington can see me, as he looks from high-
est heaven,

And says to Putnam at his side, or may be General
Wayne,

‘There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at Lundy’s
Lane!

“And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly,
When shell and ball are screeching and bursting in the
sky,
If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington’s and not to
Arnold’s place.”

A day or two after Daniel left home, a note came from him in Boston, saying that the troops were expecting to leave for Washington. You can think, then, how troubled the Warrens were when, soon after, they read that a regiment of soldiers had been mobbed as they passed through Baltimore, on their way to the capital; and what was worse, that several of them were wounded.

Many a Massachusetts family did not close their eyes that night, for the whole North was in commotion over the news. Frank and Roger waited impatiently at the post-office for the mails to open, but failed for some days to get the looked-for letter. At last, however, it came, and the boys bounded home with their prize. “Here, mother, here it is,” shouted Roger, “he isn’t dead yet, is he, mother?” and looking

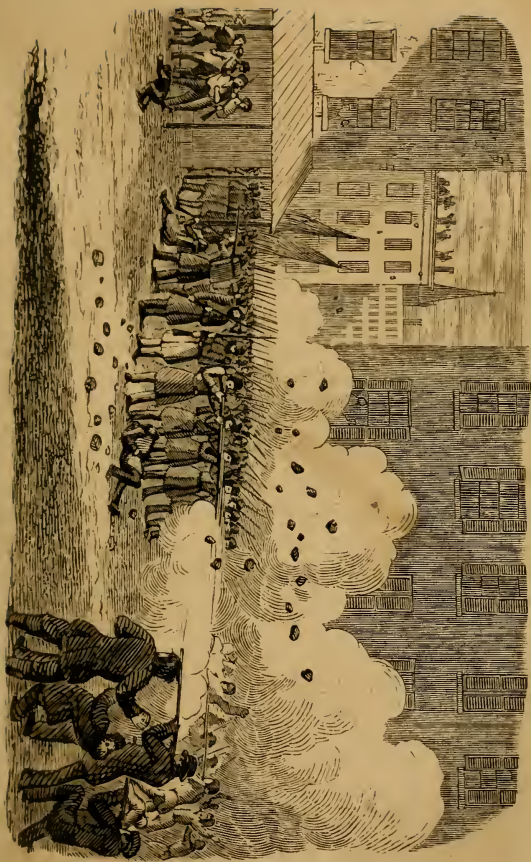
at the address, "Isn't it straight! I couldn't write like that if I lived to be as old as Adam." There was a grand jubilee for a moment, but silence as the mother began to read Daniel's letter:

WASHINGTON, April—, 1861.

MY DEAR ONES AT HOME:

I know you have been thinking of me during these eventful days;—let me say then, right here, that I am well and happy,—never in my life more so; for every day I am more assured, dear parents, that in turning soldier I have done *right*. Since bidding you good-by, I have led rather a rough life, but am less inclined to turn back now than ever.

When we reached Boston we found awaiting us a company from Marblehead, who claim the honor of being the first to start for the war. A few hours were spent in regulating and arranging the troops, and then we gathered in front of the State House, to hear the farewell of our Governor. The next day we started for Washington. Our men were in good spirits, and time passed away pleasantly enough on our journey. We have some religious, as well as merely good men in the regiment. As we passed through Trenton, New Jersey, some one asked a member of our company if he had any whisky to stimulate him. "That is my stimulant," said the soldier, drawing a Bible from his pocket. I thought of an army I had read of in his-



tory, who carried Bibles and sang hymns, and of whom it is recorded that "no enemy ever saw their backs." At Philadelphia some more companies joined us, and we left early on the morning of the 19th for Baltimore, which we reached at noon. The cars are there drawn by horses from one depot to another. Some of the forward cars had gone on thus, but we soon found that rebels were ready to dispute our passage north of Washington, as well as south of it. No horses were brought to our car; and as we did not like the looks of the crowd around us, our captain—a first-rate fellow, by the way—concluded to leave the cars and "form" in the street, which we did under difficulties, for the mob began to throw stones at us from the house-tops. We had something of a fight with them there, though we did not fire until one of our men was killed. At last we determined to march to the Washington depot, hoping for protection from the mayor and police, who had come to our help. But the mob was too furious to be controlled; they had barricaded the streets, and tried desperately to overwhelm us with a shower of stones from the windows and roofs. I thought our color-bearer would surely fall, but he kept the good flag aloft through it all. He's a brave one—that Timothy Crowley! You read, perhaps, of the Governor giving us a flag, and charging us to keep it from the hands of the foe. Of course, we cheered, and vowed to die in its defense—little thinking it was so soon to be imperilled. Crowley marched at our head that day as if no earthly power

could stay him : I could think only of the irrepressible advance of a locomotive, as I watched the flag moving straight onward ; it never looked as bright to me as in the tramp of that dismal afternoon,—for we had nothing but that to cheer us—not even music. One great paving-stone hit Crowley between the shoulders, and rested on his knapsack till one of the sergeants stepped up and knocked it off ; but *he* never faltered in his march. One of my comrades was killed before my eyes. You can imagine, perhaps, how I felt ; but no, I don't think you can. Before, when we were talking in the cars about the future, I wondered whether I might not be afraid to fight when the time came—whether I could really trust myself to face loaded muskets, or to put a bullet into a fellow-being. And I confess, when I first saw the crowd of ruffians in Baltimore, I *did* feel a little shaky for a moment. I'd never seen a mob before, you know ; that may serve as some excuse for me. But when we began to defend ourselves, I forgot myself : amid the rush and din, I was half conscious that my last moment might be near, but I was so angry at the mob of traitors that I could think of nothing clearly except the business in hand. Well, we finished it at last ; but those were much the hardest two miles I ever walked. When we reached the cars, bearing our dead and wounded with us, I examined my left arm, which had a queer, numb feeling in it. I must have been hit by a stone, though when I couldn't tell ; I remember being knocked about somewhat in the march, and am pretty sure I

dealt out as many blows as I got. For once it was better to give than to receive. Don't be troubled about my arm ; no bones are broken. The wound is simply a bruise and a slight cut, of which I am prouder than I should be of a college prize. They sent me here to the hospital, but I am to leave in a few days. Did you hear about one of our men who bled to death in Baltimore? He died saluting the flag : they had taken him into a house, and just before he ceased to breathe he stood up, his right hand raised, his eyes uplifted, and exclaimed : "All hail to the Stars and Stripes!"—a good word for dying patriot lips.

The whole city was in tumult when we arrived here, and still remains so, for, though troops are coming in every day, we are hardly safe yet. You've read, perhaps, of the rebel plan to seize Harper's Ferry and march upon Washington. That news was communicated to the loyal men here, who had a secret meeting in a church that very night (the 15th of April), and organized a battalion for the city's defense. You may judge they were brave fellows, for the whole battalion mustered only 200 men. But their colonel, Cassius Clay, whose name they bear, is equal to a regiment of soldiers. I believe his mere name would make the rebels tremble. They say he is the only anti-slavery man these Southerners are afraid to attack ; he goes armed, and they've always found him ready for them ; otherwise they would have killed him by stealth long ago. The Clay Battalion patrol the city, while General Scott's regulars defend the Capitol, and another body

of troops guard the White House. Headquarters are in the Senate Chamber, and the New York 7th has the Hall of Representatives: but we hope to be well defended before another week closes. Don't be anxious about me, my dear ones. I may not be able to write often or regularly, but shall take advantage of my opportunities. I enclose a song one of our men, Ephraim Peabody, sung the night after our march through Baltimore; 'tis said to be his own composition.

A few directions concerning letters, and some friendly messages, closed Daniel's letter. This was the song:—

THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS.

Come, all ye true Americans, that love the Stripes and
Stars,
For which your gallant countrymen go marching to
the wars,
For grand old Massachusetts raise up three rousing
cheers,—
Three times three and a tiger for the Yankee Volun-
teers!

The nineteenth day of April they marched unto the
war,
And on that day, upon the way, they stopped at Balti-
more,
And trustingly expected the customary cheers,
Which every loyal city gives the Yankee Volunteers.

But suddenly in fury there came a mighty crowd,
Led on by negro-drivers with curses long and loud;
With frenzied imprecations, with savage threats and
sneers,

They welcomed to the city the Yankee Volunteers.

The murderous storm of missiles laid many a soldier
low,

Yet still these gallant hearts forbore to give the an-
swering blow,

Till all the miscreants shouted, "They're nearly dead
with fears,

We'll hurry up and finish these Yankee Volunteers."

But lo! the guns are leveled, and loud the volleys
roar,

And inch by inch they fight their way through the
streets of Baltimore;

Before them shrunk the traitors, above them rise the
cheers,

As through the throng they march along—the Yankee
Volunteers.

Hurrah, then, for the old Bay State, that stood so well
at bay!

Hurrah for those who shed their blood and gave their
lives away!

For good old Massachusetts, boys, now give three
rousing cheers,—

Three times three and a tiger for the Yankee Volun-
teers!

CHAPTER III.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR ARMY.

OF course, the talk and thought of the house after this was of Daniel's wound. Some honest pride was mingled with their sadness, as the Warrens spoke of their boy, already a young hero, and among the first to suffer in the common cause. "If I could only fly to the hospital and see just how he really is," said Mrs. Warren and Aunt Ellen at least twenty times a day. "I dreamt last night that I saw brother Daniel," said Maedy one morning. "He looked so bright and brave, and kissed me over and over again. I wanted to see his arm, then he laughed and said, 'Oh, it isn't very bad, my darling.' But I made him roll up his sleeve, and there was a gash, and the blood running out; that frightened me so that I cried, and then I woke up. Oh dear! I hope he's well by this

time. Dreams go by contraries, you know, mamma. Then afterward I dreamt of going to St. Louis to see brother Horace. Don't you believe he gets home-sick sometimes, way off there?"

"No, dear, I don't think he does, though he certainly would like to see us all; but he has a great deal to do in Uncle George's store; he's been gone a year, you know, and by that time people generally get over home-sickness."

"But would you like to live as Uncle George does, in a city, and such a smoky one? I shouldn't think, if he had the best house in the city, Horace would like to stay there. No cows, no chickens, no birds—nothing pretty out-doors, is there, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, there are many pleasant things in a city," said Mrs. Warren, smiling. "Horace likes St. Louis very much."

"Is there any war off there, mamma?"

"Not much yet, dear; but they're making ready for it. Why do you ask, Maedy?"

“Oh, nothing; I was thinking, suppose brother Horace should go to the war, as Daniel did here. But he won’t, will he, mamma?”

“No, Maedy, he’d hardly want to go, I think. He’s older than Daniel, and settled in business, so he couldn’t leave very well; and if he could, we couldn’t spare both sons. Come, little one, it’s school-time, run and get your hat,” she added hurriedly, as if she wished to talk no more on the subject.

Most of you, little readers, can remember, and most of you will carry some memory of those days through your lives. So you need not be told how morning, noon, and night, the Warren family talked of “the country” and its afflictions. But as the children could not understand all that was said, and as the father knew they were living in a time that however dark then, would hereafter be memorable in their nation’s history, he often gathered them about him at evening, and talked of the news, “story fashion,” as Franklin said;

that is, in a simple, easy way that the children could understand.

“Father, there’s a terrible row over the rebels, isn’t there?” exclaimed Roger, one evening, as Mr. Warren was talking thus to the children around the tea-table.

“Not exactly a row, Roger,” said Mr. Warren. “We’ll leave that to prize-fighters and their like. The people and their Government have set themselves to their work: they dislike to fight, and have waited patiently many years, hoping to get over their troubles without shedding blood; but now their forts are seized, their capital is threatened, and they must defend themselves. That they mean to do, children: no ‘rebel’ will ever come here and take our home from us, and no slaves will ever be sold from Bunker Hill, though a Southern leader lately said they would. The loyal States are forbidding that now with every tick of the clock. New York is already sending some of the thirty thousand men she has promised for the defense of the Union; Massachusetts is sending

hers, Vermont is mustering her Green Mountain boys, and Rhode Island sends her Governor to lead her troops. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and others have answered the President's call. True, the Governors of Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and North Carolina refuse to obey it. But these border States are half loyal; the authorities can't keep some of the people from coming over to our side in course of time; and at the rate soldiers are gathering now, we need not be afraid. This great mustering of troops you must remember, children. When you grow to be gray-headed old men, and you, Maedy, a wrinkled grand-mamma in caps, the people of that day will want you to tell them about the 'uprising of the North.' It will be a wonderful tale—a bright page in our history if we're successful, and every day now makes us more likely to be so. It's wonderful how the heart of the people is true to the country as the heart of one man. I read of a New York merchant who told his son he'd rather

give a thousand dollars than have him go soldiering to Washington, and the young man replied, "Father, if you could make it a hundred thousand, 'twould be of no use, for where the Seventh Regiment goes, I go." Another story is told of a quaker who asked one of his clerks if he was willing to enlist. The clerk said he'd thought of it, but had hesitated, fearing he might lose his place. "Well," said the Quaker, "if thee will enlist, thee shall have thy place, and thy salary shall go on while thee is away. But if thee will not serve thy country, thee cannot stay in this store."

"Yes," said Aunt Ellen, "I've seen some thrilling incidents about the 'great uprising.' 'I saved some of them for Frank; I'll get them for you.'" The extracts were found after supper and read:

"One old man in a town in Indiana begged permission to join the volunteers, but his white hair and sixty-five years prevented his acceptance. He went to a barber's, had his beard cropped, his hair dyed, and again applied for admission. This time he was not de-

tected, and when asked his age, after being received, he replied, ' rising thirty-five.' "

" A tall, splendid-looking man, dressed in the uniform of the Allen Grays, Vermont, stood talking with a friend on Broadway. He was unconscious that his superior height was attracting notice, until a barouche stopped at the sidewalk, and a young man sprang from it and grasped his hand, saying, " You are the finest fellow I ever saw. I am a Southerner, but my heart is with the Union. If it were not, such noble-looking fellows as yourself would enlist me in the cause.' The soldier was surprised but self-possessed, and answered the young Southerner's greeting with cordiality. He was considerably over six feet, and his noble, open face beamed with the manly patriotism of the Green Mountain Boys, of whom he was so fine a specimen. He had walked fifteen miles from the village of Chittenden to enlist. Long may he live to honor our Stars and Stripes ! "

" The ladies of Boston, Mass., were informed that five thousand soldiers' shirts were needed within twenty-four hours. They obtained sewing-machines, and with the aid of some Roxbury ladies, went to work in ' Liberty Hall,' and had the whole number completed within the allotted time."

" And now only see what one woman can do," said Aunt Ellen, and read :

" Mrs. Eliza Gray Fisher, a lady of Boston, Mass., past the age of sixty, knowing from experi-

ence the necessities of the volunteer soldiers, having lost a grandfather in the Revolution, and a father in the war of 1812, determined, when volunteers were called for, to provide an outfit of underclothing for an entire company. This she has accomplished with the aid of a few lady friends, though pressed meanwhile with domestic duties. The articles are of the best material and most thorough workmanship; they are as follows: 130 shirts, 130 pair of drawers, 130 towels, 130 pocket-handkerchiefs, 130 pair of socks, 12 hospital gowns, 55 bags with needles, pins, thread, etc., 65 Havelock caps, 500 yards bandages. Here is a woman of true Revolutionary stock. All honor to her!"

"While a Massachusetts regiment was passing through New York to Washington, a gentleman stopped to converse with one of its members on the street. 'Is there anything I can do for you, sir?' asked the New Yorker, his heart warming to the man who had so promptly obeyed his country's call. The soldier hesitated, and finally raising one of his feet, showed a boot with a hole in the toe, and generally the worse for wear. 'How came you here with such boots as those, my friend?' asked the citizen. 'When the order came for me to join my company, sir,' replied the soldier, 'I was ploughing in the same field at Concord in which my grandfather was ploughing when the British fired upon our men at Lexington. He did not delay a moment, and I did not, sir.' The explanation must have been satisfactory, for the soldier

was afterwards seen marching on with an excellent pair of boots."

"Rev. Dr. Worcester, of Salem, Mass., in addressing the City Guards, who were to leave for the war, closed his remarks amid profound stillness as follows: 'Soldiers, on a memorable night of ancient battle, when a few men routed many thousands, their watch-cry was, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' I give to you, soldiers, for your watch-cry, 'The sword of the Lord and of Washington!'"

"An owner of a blacksmith-shop near Flushing came down to enlist. He couldn't stand it any longer, and go he must. The boys would take care of the shop. Next day the oldest son appeared. 'Business wasn't very drivin'; he guessed John could manage it alone," and he enlisted. But John found the shop too lonely; he shut it up, and came down to enlist, too. The father remonstrated, but the boy prevailed. There were two more sons, who 'worked the farm' belonging to the old man. When they appeared to enlist, the father said he wouldn't stand it, any how. The blacksmith-shop might go, but the farm must be cared for. So the boys were sent home; but presently one of them reappeared. They had concluded one could manage the farm, and had drawn lots for the chance of going. The winner had come to join his father. This arrangement was finally agreed on; but when the day of departure came, behold, the last boy of the family was ready to accompany them! The father was at a loss how to understand 'the situation,' but the boy whis-

pered with a confidential chuckle in the old man's ear, 'Father, I've let the farm on shares!' The whole family, father and four sons, went in the 14th N. Y. Regiment."

"When the New York 7th left the other day for the war, the whole city bade it farewell with tears, shouts and blessings. For two miles they marched through the eager throng, who pressed gifts upon them as they passed of combs, pocket-knives, and all sorts of small articles that a soldier could be supposed to use. One man received a purse with ten bright quarter eagles in it; and all through New Jersey, as the train bore them from one station to another, processions thronged at the stations. It was more like an ovation to troops returning from victory, than an adieu to men going to try the fortunes of war."

"Father," said Franklin, "the rebels have taken Harper's Ferry. Isn't that a strong place?"

"Yes; but I think we shall have it back again before long. Harper's Ferry is on the Potomac, you know, boys, and unless we drive the rebels out of Virginia soon—which is hardly probable—all that region will change hands many times."

"Why will it?" asked Franklin.

"Because we shall fight our battles

there, and whoever wins will keep the ground till driven away by the enemy."

"The folks there will be sorry they joined the rebels, I guess," said Roger.

"Yes, indeed; they'll be sorry, though they may not repent. Virginia—the State that supplied the Southern slave market with its victims—is to meet with the most terrible punishment a country can suffer, war on her own soil. That is the prophecy of to-day. Take notice, children, whether it proves a true one or not."

Some days afterward, as Mrs. Warren and Aunt Ellen sat sewing after the day's work was "done up," Mr. Warren, who had been busy on the farm, came in, and read aloud the news while resting, discussing it as he went along. "That Navy Yard affair is a bad one—bad enough," he said, after reading a description of the "Old Pennsylvania." "I hope the rebels won't be able to give us another blow as severe as that."

"Navy Yard!" exclaimed Franklin, looking up from the "Rule of Three" he

was studying. "The rebels haven't come up to Charlestown, I hope?"

"No, indeed!" said his father, smiling. "Uncle Sam has several yards for his ships and sailors besides the one you and I saw when we went to Boston last year."

"Yes, I went to the one in Brooklyn sometime ago," said Aunt Ellen. "I remember the great houses there built just to protect the boats. All you could see inside was a monstrous boat, or vessel rather, that reached to the roof and filled up the whole house."

"But which Navy Yard is it that the rebels have taken?" asked Franklin.

"The one at Gosport," answered his father. "We generally call it the Norfolk Navy Yard. The dispatches tried to put a good face on the matter, but it proves to be a bad one for us. It seems this Captain McCauley, who was the officer in charge, destroyed whatever he could—buildings, guns, small arms, powder, everything. He sunk the ships, too—let me see," said Mr. W., looking at the paper, "the Cumber-

land, the huge old three-decker Pennsylvania, the steam frigate Merrimac—they say that was one of the finest ships afloat—and several others are given here. Ten million dollars the whole cost us, and now, when we must have a Navy, its worth is beyond all money.”

“But if that Captain had plenty of powder and guns, couldn’t he have staid there and kept the place?” asked Franklin. “Didn’t he have any soldiers?”

“Yes; and if he’d held out only a little while, plenty of men would have come to his help.”

“There must have been some cowardice at the bottom of that affair,” said Mr. Warren, earnestly. “Such treasure should not be lost without a blow. Pity there hadn’t been a Lawrence at the head of those men, to die if need were, defending his trust, and shouting in death, ‘Don’t give up the ship, boys!’”

“Yes,” rejoined Franklin, “if Paul Jones, now, had been there,—I was reading about him in a book yesterday. The English

sailors had battered him till they were tired out, and they set his ship on fire, too. After a while they called out and asked him if he had given up. But I guess they felt more like giving up than he did, for he called back, 'No! he'd just begun to fight.' That astonished them so that they let him beat them outright. Well," he added, "this McCauley, is it?—if he tore things to pieces so, the rebels couldn't get anything more than the yard, I suppose?"

"Probably not, at present," said Mr. Warren. "But great ships and cannon are not so easily made useless. The rebels will manage to get at least some of them in working order again. The main trouble with us now is, that our regular army and navy are tainted with Southern treason. They're not to be depended on. Just see how many United States officers have given themselves, body and soul, to the rebellion. There's Beauregard, Johnston, Lee, Bragg, Twiggs, among their generals, and I don't know how many more of their other officers—deserters from our ranks. But who-

ever else fails, we can trust the nation. The people are speaking now, and these Army and Navy gentlemen will understand that if they refuse to defend the Union, they must suffer with the rebels."

But the rule of three wanted further studying, and Roger also had an "awful" lesson to learn—so he said. The conversation, therefore, was stopped for the evening.

"Father," said Franklin, the next time the war was mentioned, "do the soldiers go through Baltimore yet?"

"Not yet, but they will very soon. The bridges near the city are torn up, so there's no passage across the streams. But the other day, when some men wanted the President to say that no more soldiers should pass that way, he told them they must. 'They can't go under Maryland,' he said, 'nor fly over it, and they shall come *through* it.' Afterward another committee came, and declared that seventy-five thousand Marylanders would dispute the passage of any more soldiers through the State. He replied very calmly that he

‘presumed there was room enough in Maryland to bury seventy-five thousand men.’”

“That’s the right kind of talk for such fellows! Why, he’s a regular old brick!” exclaimed Roger. “I always thought he was one of the mealy-mouthed sort. A little while after they made him president, you see, old Walker,”—

“Who, Roger?” interrupted his father.

“Well, that’s what the boys call him, father. Mr. Walker then read some of Lincoln’s—what d’you call it, the speech he makes when he first gets up?”

“Inaugural,” suggested Franklin.

“Yes, that’s it; and it told all about ‘chords of memory,’ and so on,” continued Roger, unmindful of the laugh he had provoked.

“Lincoln has been abused for many reasons; but I don’t think any one but you ever thought he was ‘mealy-mouthed,’ Roger,” said his father.

“Well, father,” continued Franklin; “aren’t the soldiers going through Baltimore, if the President said they should?”

“Yes, as soon as they can. Our General Butler went on a few days ago, with some more Massachusetts soldiers and the New York Seventh—the finest regiment of the State. When he found the bridges burned, he turned aside to Havre de Grace. Get your geography, Frank, we’ll find it on the map.” The map was soon found. “Ah, here it is! Then he seized a steamer, and brought his men down here to Annapolis. The State authorities refused to let him land; but land he did, with all his men, in spite of the rascals. Now, how do you suppose they got on from Annapolis to Washington?”

“By railroad,” guessed Frank.

“Yes; but how? The track was torn up, and the locomotives gone. What do you think they did?”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” said Frank.

“Well, they found a rusty little locomotive. One of the men eyed it a moment, and said that came from the shop he worked in. Then, at a word from the General, he and some others began to put

it in order. Whoever could lay a railroad track was next called out and put to work. In a little while the train started, stopping every hour or two to lay rails and build bridges. Once they came to a pool of water, where a rail was missing; down went a little fellow into the water, and came up with the rail. So they worked their way along thus for three days, and came to their journey's end."

"I don't believe our soldiers are anything like those that fight for the kings Daniel told us about," said Franklin.

"No, indeed," replied the father; "our men are not mere soldiers, that spend their time in idleness when there is no war. All trades and professions are represented in our ranks. If bread is wanted, out step a dozen bakers ready to make it, and behind them as many masons to build the ovens, and at their sides stand tailors, blacksmiths, gunsmiths, lawyers, artists, poets—the fruit and flower of the land. They're not ashamed to work, nor afraid to die. One of our colonels addressed his

regiment the other day, as they were leaving Annapolis for Washington ; he said, 'If any of you falter, you will be instantly shot down ; and if I falter, I hope you will put a thousand bullets through my heart.' He spoke earnestly, and his men responded 'aye,' with equal warmth."

The faces of the boys shone with pride ; for who of us will ever cease to love and admire our Union army ?

"Oh, father," exclaimed Franklin ; "we *must* beat the rebels with such an army."

"Yes, we shall ; not merely because of the army, but because God, the mighty Helper of our fathers, is with us still. All over the land men are raising their hands beseechingly to him, as the hands of Moses were uplifted when his people prevailed in battle."

CHAPTER IV.

WESTERN TRAITORS OUTWITTED.

For some weeks the quiet home-life of the Warrens was unbroken by any noteworthy event. They looked daily for a letter from Daniel, but none came. "I wish Horace would write; I can't imagine why he doesn't," said Mrs. Warren, one evening, as the family was talking of its absent members. He has never failed before to send us some word, once a month at least. And we haven't heard from him—let me think—'twas in February his last letter came. It's very strange."

"Oh, but he's always so busy in the Spring, you know," suggested Aunt Ellen. "And then they're having some excitement in Missouri, just now, as I read. He has some good reason for his silence, I'm sure."

“But its just because the country out there is in such a disordered state that I am anxious about him. There are hundreds of those ‘Border Ruffians’ in Missouri that fought the Free Soil men of Kansas, and they must be jubilant, now that the Governor is trying to force the State into the Rebellion.”

“But in a large city like St. Louis,” rejoined Aunt Ellen, soothingly, “a great disturbance wouldn’t be permitted.”

“But you know, Ellen, there *was* a mob there lately. The papers were full of it. I cannot quiet my fears about Horace till we hear from him.”

“That was a rebel mob,” replied Aunt Ellen. “Horace was certainly not there; and then it was quelled right away. I wouldn’t borrow trouble, sister; wait till you have to take it;” and Aunt Ellen said all she could think of to relieve the mother’s anxiety.

But they had not long to wait. When the children came from school next day, Aunt Ellen told them a letter had come,

and asked them to guess who it was from.

"Daniel," they all cried at once.

"No."

"Horace, then," said Franklin.

"Yes, a nice long letter."

"What does he say—anything about the war off there?"

"Yes, ever so much. He's very well, and sends you children a great deal of love."

"Ever so much about the war," repeated Franklin. Read it to us, won't you, Aunt Ellen? Do please."

"Yes, Aunt Ellen, do please," echoed Maedy and Roger. So the letter was brought, and the children gathered around her while she read what Horace wrote :

"ST. LOUIS, May —, 1861.

"MY DEAR PARENTS :

"I have been so busy of late, and so absorbed in the excitement of the times, that I did not know how the time had slipped by since my last letter to you, until I sat down this evening and reckoned up the weeks and months. Your letter, dear father, containing the news of Daniel's departure for the war, reached me a couple of days ago. I sympathize with you in this new sepa-

ration; it must be very hard; and yet both you and he have the satisfaction of knowing that he has gone for a noble cause. I can hardly imagine our thoughtful Daniel as a soldier. He was so fond of his books, and so full of his college plans, that I shouldn't have believed he'd care for anything else. But these times are enough to rouse the most indifferent. Except my necessary business affairs, I can't think of anything but the events of the day. I hope you have not been uneasy at my unwilling silence—for such it has been for the most part. My business has kept me very closely confined; and when I have not been attending to that, my mind has hardly been in a state to write, so disturbed have we been all through Missouri by this wicked rebellion. We have both sides here—Union men and rebels; though I judge, from what has lately taken place, that the 'rebs' will ere long be looking out for other quarters. You have read, perhaps, of our Governor's bad behavior all through this crisis; he is a State rights man; we have many of them out this way; they believe, it seems, in their own State government, but not in the Government of the United States. That's what they say. But some of them, like the rebel General Price here, forget now and then to follow their doctrine. He's broken with Missouri—that stays in the Union—and gone off with the 'rebs,'—a pretty way to treat the glorious 'State sovereignty' they boast of! Our Gov. Jackson is something like him, only not near so much of a man. I needn't say that he's no relation whatever to the old General and President of

that name. I can't begin to tell the harm this traitorous Governor and his servants have done the Union cause. For months past they have been getting together militia companies,—keeping them, of course, under their own control ;”—

“What kind of companies are those?” asked Franklin.

“Citizens that do military duty when it's needed,—not regular soldiers in the army,” explained Aunt Ellen ; and went on :—

—“they've formed secret organizations, stored away arms and ammunition,”—

“What's that?” interrupted Roger.

“Powder, bullets, any such thing that is used in loading guns,” replied his Aunt.

—“and they even seized an arsenal in the western part of the State. They formed what they called a ‘State Guard,’ which made its quarters at Camp Jackson, just outside the city. The name of the camp, and its Davis and Beauregard avenues, told very plainly what kind of men were in it. About three weeks ago they made preparations to seize the arsenal here, but were wofully disappointed. Perhaps you saw some account of that affair of Captain Stokes ; but you can hardly imagine the effect it had upon our loyal people. He came down here, you may remember, from Illinois,

with a Government order to get muskets from our arsenal. But the 'rebs' were so thick in this neighborhood that he couldn't very well do his errand. In the night he managed to gain entrance to the building, and boxed up five hundred old muskets, brought there to be altered; these he sent off secretly to a steamer, as if he were in a great hurry to get away, and so attracted the rebel spies, who were on the watch. They seized the old muskets, and bore them off in triumph. But meantime Stokes was busy, too. He and his men made prisoners of the other spies at the arsenal. Then they went to work loading up a steamer that was in waiting at the arsenal-dock, with nearly all the weapons contained in the building. About two o'clock at night, when the brave fellows thought themselves ready to put off, they found the steamer fast on a rock; so they had to fall to work again, and ship the load before they could get under way. The captain of the steamer asked Stokes what should be done if they were attacked? 'Fight,' he replied. 'What, if we are overpowered?' asked the Captain. 'Run her to the deepest part of the river and sink her,' said Stokes. 'I'll do it,' he said, and off they went. But the bold captains were not destined to be drowned. At five o'clock they reached Alton; and Stokes, still exposed to the 'dangerous rebels, went into the town and rang the fire-bell with all his might and main. Out came men, women, and children, to see what was the matter; and he told them he wanted their help in carrying his load from the steamboat to the cars. Every

one started. A man from Alton was in our store soon afterward, and told me he never saw such a sight in his life as that crowd carrying muskets to the cars. There were little girls, young ladies, old women, black folks—nearly all the loyal people of the town—toiling up to the bank with muskets, revolvers, and carbines for two hours. By seven o'clock all was ready, and the cars started for Springfield."

"Wasn't that well done?" said Aunt Ellen, looking up from her letter to the eager faces of the children.

"Hurrah for Stokes," exclaimed Roger; "he's a knowing one."

"I wish I could carry a musket for the Union soldiers!" said Maedy, with glowing cheeks.

"You shall do something for them, darling," said Aunt Ellen. "We're going to send a box to the Fairbrook company, and you shall make something for it."

"Is that all the letter?" said Franklin.

"No, indeed, there's more here. Let me see,—where was I?"

—"and the cars started for Springfield. Captain, (now General) Lyon, the commander at our arsenal, gave the rebels another stunning blow, just as they found

out how befooled they had been by Stokes. Lyon had been at work quietly, but very hard. One day last week (May 10th) I saw the streets were full of soldiers, and wondered what the matter was, but no one could explain. Without an hour's delay they marched off—six thousand Union men, with Lyon at their head,—to the music of our national airs, straight toward Camp Jackson, and demanded its surrender within half an hour. You can think what was the astonishment of the Camp and its commander. They were expecting just the opposite event—the surrender of Lyon to them; for, as I said, they had made preparations to seize the arsenal and its defenders. But Lyon was ahead of them. On his way back, as he was bringing his eight hundred prisoners to the arsenal, the rebels in our city showed their desperation by trying to raise a riot against his soldiers. They were forced at last to defend themselves, and fired into the crowd, killing twenty-two. Of course, this affray made the greatest excitement; but I can't see what else the soldiers could do in the circumstances. Lyon is a real hero,—brave, cool, far-sighted. No one in the West has such sway over loyal men as he. His praise is in their mouths to-day. He's a New-England man by birth, they say, and a graduate of West Point; he served gallantly in the regular army during the Mexican war, and afterward did duty on the frontier, but offended Buchanan and his pro-slavery friends because he refused to persecute the Free Soil men of Kansas."

“Buchanan ; he was the President before Mr. Lincoln, wasn't he ?” asked Maedy.

“Yes,—and a dreadfully bad one, too,” said Franklin. “But who were the Free Soil men of Kansas ?”

“Men that went, mostly from this part of the country, out to Kansas, beyond Missouri ; they went to stay, and didn't want their new home to become a slave State. The Southern people determined it should, and at that time our President and Government were controlled by pro-slavery men. The Free Soilers out there had a hard struggle ; but finally Kansas was admitted into the Union as a free State, just as this rebellion began.”

“What else does Horace say about that general ?” asked Maedy.

“But President Lincoln has appointed Lyon over the Department of St. Louis,” read Aunt Ellen, “and I hope he'll stay here till the rebels are put down. We shall be likely to see something of the war in this State. Outside of St. Louis it is filled with rebels, most of whom are Border Ruffians, as your Eastern papers call them. There are a great many Germans in our city, and they are all for the Union ; General

Lyon's regiments are largely made up of intelligent, trustworthy Germans. Since the second call of our President for troops, I've sometimes thought if I wasn't so deep in business, that I might go myself. But it's impossible at present, and I suppose you'd hardly like to have both Daniel and me off in the army. You may wonder that I fill my letter with these public affairs; but, as I said, we've been so absorbed with them lately that we can't think of anything else. I suppose much that I have written you've already read in the papers; but such accounts seem poor and cold to one who has lived among the very scenes they describe, and I thought the children might be interested in my narration of them. I hope we shall be more settled out here when I next write. Uncle and aunt send affectionate regards. Please give a cartload of love to Aunt Ellen and the children. and believe that I remain, as ever,

“Your affectionate son,

“HORACE.”

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BEREAVEMENT OF THE WAR.

THIS letter was talked about by the children for days afterward. To them an account of the troubles in Missouri was real and interesting as a story, not dull, like history, of which they had no pleasanter idea than what they gathered from the "awfully long lessons" in the school-book. Roger whistled "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue," from morning till night. They would talk of Stokes and the musket-bearing crowd, after they had gone to bed, till the mother's voice called, "Shut your eyes, children, and go to sleep." Horace's narrative had so possessed their childish minds that they supposed everything now was favorable to the Union cause, and bad for the rebels. It was, therefore, with a surprised and so-

ber face that little Maedy asked her father, a few days later, if he knew that "the rebels had killed a Union man?"

"Yes, dear," said her father, smiling at the question, "they've killed hundreds, counting all they murdered for slavery's sake before the war began."

"Yes, but this is a new one," said Franklin. "Colonel Ellsworth is the name. We saw it in a paper that had his picture, with black all round it, too."

"Ah, yes," said the father, himself looking very grave. "Remember that name, children. He was a true man; the youngest and greatest hero of the war, thus far."

"How old was he?" asked Roger.

"Tell us about him, will you, papa?" asked Maedy, seating herself on her father's knee.

"I was reading an account of his life this morning. He was a splendid young man, only twenty-three years old. I remember hearing about him and his Chicago "Zouaves" some years ago, when they made a tour through the North, and as-

tonished the public by their wonderful drill, and their quick movements: And this last company, raised in New York, are said to be real fighting men. At their quarters, instead of coming down stairs, many of them let themselves down by a rope from the window. They're firemen, you know. Roger, hand me that paper. I think you can mostly understand what it says of him. You ought to know something about the foremost young man of the war. I can remember no truer specimen of a Christian American youth than Elmer Ellsworth. When you get tired, children, say so, and I'll stop. It seems he was a poor boy, born in New York State, of virtuous parentage. This narrative says:

“ Little is known of his earlier years, more than that he went to the district school, and showed himself diligent in study, though not more forward than his companions. All the ‘schooling’ he ever had was during his early boyhood. At home he was an obedient, dutiful son, subject to his parents, proving the truth of the maxim, ‘he who would command, must first learn to obey.’ This docile spirit was the more remarkable in a boy naturally bold and resolute. He showed an eager

love for reading, and spent his leisure hours with whatever books he could command, preferring histories to all others, and gratifying his boyish taste with accounts of wars, insurrections and battles. As the lad grew into the youth, his physical powers developed remarkably. He excelled his associates in muscular feats, and seemed never so happy as when testing his sure eye and supple limbs. These vigorous capacities were governed by as generous a spirit as ever lived in a young man's breast; nor were they always exercised for mere amusement. The timid, persecuted ones, such as are to be found in every little school community, had a defender in young Ellsworth, and the bullies of the neighborhood found him to be a terror to evil-doers. With this disposition he naturally became the leader of his companions."

"Bully for him!" exclaimed Roger, always earnest, if not elegant, in his praise.

"As his parents were far from rich, young Ellsworth determined, while still a boy, to take care of himself. We first hear of him at work as clerk in a dry-goods store. But he wanted to be a printer, and soon after found a situation at the press in Boston, Mass., where his studiousness and kindly disposition won the respect of his associates. He next went to Chicago, still plying his trade, but ever desiring a higher sphere of life. More than anything else, he wanted to be a soldier, and actually made application at this time to the War Department for employment, but failed for lack of in-

fluence and money. But he could not be subdued by disappointment. If he was *born* a soldier, he believed he would surely find an opening for himself in the ranks of the army. Meantime an opportunity occurred for him to study law, and he gave himself to that monotonous work with all the fervor of his ardent soul. 'His life,' says one writer, 'was a miracle of endurance and fortitude. He read law with great assiduity, and supported himself by copying in the hours that should have been devoted to recreation. He had no pastimes, and very few friends. Not a soul beside himself and the baker who gave him his daily loaf, knew how he was living. During all that time he never slept in a bed—never ate with his friends at a social board.'

"But his soldierly genius still asserted itself. He joined a military company, and we find him at this time deep in the study of tactics—impelled, perhaps, by a presentiment of the brilliant career before him. He soon had the reputation of being the wisest, best-drilled soldier in the city, and from that to the military leadership of his associates, the step was easy. He assumed this position in May, 1859, when but twenty-one years old, and immediately began to raise a company on the model of the Algerine Zouaves. With no aids but a text book and his own firm will, he mastered these peculiar tactics, adapted the manual to the usage of American soldiery, and marshalled his company, to which he gave himself with untiring patience, and which proved later to be formed

of men whom 'the nation delighted to honor.' One of his friends says of his capacity as commander: 'His discipline was very severe and rigid, not in training merely, but as related to the moral habits of the men. They were degraded or expelled immediately when any inclination to vice was noticeable. He struck from the rolls at one time twelve of his best men for breaking the rule of total abstinence. His moral power over them was absolute. I believe any one of them would have died for him.'

"Much of this power resulted, doubtless, from the religious character of young Ellsworth. He had been a Sunday-school boy; he was now a resolute, though a humble, unassuming Christian. The knightly spirit, the noble life, the genial manner, could not fail to win the regard of his comrades; yet, underlying these, they were conscious of a stronger force controlling both him and them—the strength of a soul that walks with God.

"Later, when the company made the tour of exhibition, it was everywhere received with admiration. Its quick, singular movements, its precise obedience, its thorough drill, excited the wonder of beholders; and Colonel Ellsworth received the applause justly his due as founder of the American Zouave system. Thus an obscure youth, who had never seen a military academy, with no advantages but those of a common school, hewed his own path to honor.

"The martial interest awakened by this tour was not without its use to the nation, so soon to be dis-

turbed in its peaceful pursuits by the trumpet of war.

“At the close of this memorable journey the young Captain resumed his law studies in the office of Abraham Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill. Here the future President and the future hero of our country labored in their humble sphere, from whence they were to go forth and win a nation's regard. While under Mr. Lincoln's affectionate care, Ellsworth planned, and put somewhat in shape, a project he had conceived of a Bureau of Militia of the United States. The thing was commended by high authorities, but remained unfinished—a noble, though fragmentary evidence of his power. At the time of Mr. Lincoln's election, Ellsworth again applied to the War Department, but was again denied admittance by the Secretary. He was a member of the Presidential party in its memorable journey to Washington, and no one who then enjoyed his genial companionship will soon forget ‘the life of the company,’ nor the innate courtesy that thought first of others, and last of self. After the inauguration he was offered the position of Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army. At last the desire of his life was gratified; but the golden apple broke in ashes when it was grasped. No portion of Ellsworth's life was so painful as this; for the regulars, envious and fearful of his superiority, treated the young militia-man with a discourtesy that inflicted upon his sensitive spirit a pain it had never endured before. Among the evils under the sun none are sadder than that cruelty

committed daily—the wounding of high and delicate souls by base ones. At the opening of our civil war, the young Lieutenant proposed to resign his position and raise a regiment of volunteers. His offer was eagerly accepted, and within twenty days he returned from New York with a thousand and twenty hardy firemen eager for battle. We know of no stronger evidence of Ellsworth's popularity than the rapid raising of this regiment. 'I hope God will take care of you, Elmer,' said his mother, as she bade him a last 'good-by.' 'He will,' replied the Colonel. 'He has led me into this work, and He will take care of me.' He was ordered to join an expedition formed to capture Alexandria. News received from that city caused Ellsworth to suppose the undertaking might prove a bloody one, and he prepared for it accordingly. But his brief address that day to his men shows the natural tenderness of his heart. 'Go to your tents,' he said, in conclusion, 'lie down and take your rest till two o'clock, when the boat will arrive, and we go forward to victory or death. When we reach our destination, do nothing to shame the regiment; show the enemy that you are men as well as soldiers. I would we could overcome them with kindness.' This from the bravest of Zouaves—a class of soldiers whose courage has been excelled only by their ferocity!

At midnight, before starting on the journey, he wrote the following words to his parents. May they sink into every American heart!

CAMP LINCOLN, May 23, 1861.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER :

The regiment is ordered to cross the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we shall meet with ; I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance into the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed that a large force has arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some way. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty ; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of to-morrow, and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of the sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling and beloved parents, good-by ; God bless, and protect, and care for you.

ELMER.

“The troops entered Alexandria next day unmolested, the rebels having hastily fled. As Ellsworth, with a squad of men, was *en route* to the telegraph office, to prevent the news of their entrance from spreading southward, his eye caught sight of the rebel banner floating from the roof of the Marshall House. ‘That flag must come down !’ he exclaimed, and entered the building, attended by a Zouave and two other friends. On their way up stairs they met a man who pretended to know nothing about the flag, being, as he said, ‘only a boarder.’ Having secured the traitors’ ensign, they were returning, when the same man confronted them with a loaded gun. He was the keeper of the house—a secessionist named Jackson—the man who, report says, cut the ears from John Brown’s dead

body a few years before, and preserved them in spirits, as trophies of the slave power. The wretched man fired upon Ellsworth, and the ball pierced his brave young heart. He died instantly. Jackson then aimed at the Zouave, Francis Brownell, but the latter parried the gun, discharged his own weapon in his enemy's face, and pinned him to the floor with his bayonet. This brave young man could not save his colonel's life, but he instantly did his utmost to avenge it. The little party made all possible exertion to recall the spirit that a moment before had inspired them with its presence, but in vain. The two men who had just confronted one another, were gone to face their Judge.

“The announcement of the soldier's death produced unutterable sorrow. For a time the news was prudently withheld from his Zouaves. When at last it was told them, their amazement and grief were beyond control. Exclamations of love, praise, lamentation, and oaths of revenge went up like the mingled chords of a requiem, from the bowed ranks. It is said, that the venerable father of the dead was in the telegraph office when the tidings touched the wires, and first divined the sorrow in store for him from the tears of the operator as they fell upon the undeciphered message. The parents' hearts are broken by the blow, and not theirs alone. The young soldier was shortly to be married to one who sits apart, hoping no longer for his promised return.

“Among those bereaved by this calamity there is no sincerer mourner than our honored President. A gen-

tleman who saw him on the day of Ellsworth's death, says the President's emotions were such that he could not at first command himself to speak. When he did, it was with warmth on the virtues of the dead brave, and with regret at his rashness; 'but,' he added, 'it only shows the heroic spirit that animates our soldiers from high to low in this righteous cause.' We need not dwell here on the mourning of the people as the tidings vibrated from the eastern to the western shore. As in Chicago, where 'every man clenched his teeth,' in the resolve to sustain the war, and avenge this death, so was it throughout the North. Amid the tolling of bells, and the mournful emblems that drape our cities, thousands are springing up to fight at the battle cry of 'Ellsworth!'"

CHAPTER VI.

THE COAST, THE RELAY HOUSE, AND FORTRESS MONROE.

“MOTHER,” said Franklin, a day or two after the reading of Ellsworth’s career, “what does ‘blockade’ mean? I hear men on the street talking of ‘the blockade.’ What kind of a concern is it?”

“Ah, it’s something the rebels regard with great concern,” said his mother, smiling. “If you find the word in the dictionary, Frank, you’ll remember it.”

“‘Blockade,’” read the boy, after a moment’s search; “‘the shutting up of a place by surrounding it with hostile troops or ships, or by posting them in such manner as to prevent escape, and hinder all supplies from entering, with a view to compel a surrender by hunger and want.’ Has our Government blockaded the South in that way, mother?”

"Yes, it is effective now, I believe, on the coast; that is, ships cannot pass in and out of Southern ports, from South Carolina down, except at great risk of being captured by the vessels of our navy."

"But, mother," exclaimed Roger, "I should think they'd need all the vessels in the world—a great string of 'em, miles and miles long—to snut in all the South. How did they ever get enough?"

"Oh, our navy is small as yet; it hasn't a hundred vessels, all told; the blockade, therefore, isn't made effective in that way. But the ships are stationed near the important points of the Southern coast; by the harbors and channels where ships can pass. Tell me some of the seaports in that region, can you? What is one of them?"

Roger hesitated.

"Beginning with South Carolina, what city lies on the coast?"

"Richmond?" suggested Roger.

"Richmond!" said Franklin. "Why, Roger, I believe what you say is true, that your geography goes in at your

eyes, and comes out by your ears ! Charleston—don't you remember?—then comes Savannah. Any in Florida, mother?—oh, yes, Jacksonville and St. Augustine ; then Mobile, New Orleans,—”

“New Orleans, I know that ;” interrupted Roger. “Old Walker told us about General Jackson being there ; he and the black folks, in a fight with the English, piled up cotton bales, and got behind them when they fired on the enemy ; they had no fortification, you see, so they made one out of the cotton bales.”

“Yes,” said Franklin ; “then what is the next port, mother ? In Texas it must be—oh, I know, Galveston. But if the Government keeps watch only at these places, won't the rebels send their ships out of others—little quiet ones, where they wouldn't be noticed ?”

“They do so, sometimes. But ships, you know, when not sailing on the seas, must lie in a harbor, otherwise they might be dashed to pieces on the rocks, or stranded in the surf. The cities you

mentioned have harbors where vessels can anchor; elsewhere on the coast there is peril of shipwreck, particularly off North Carolina."

"Why; is that a bad region for ships?" asked Frank.

"Yes, indeed; many a vessel has gone down off Cape Hatteras."

"I've heard Jack Roper," said Roger, "that old sailor down in the village, tell a long yarn about being 'off Hatteras.' 'Twas in winter, and they thought every minute the ship would go to pieces. A man couldn't stay on deck, he said, the wind blew such a hurricane—'a livin' gale,' he said."

"But, mother," said Franklin, returning to the subject of the blockade, "where does our Government get money to buy all the ships, and pay the sailors and soldiers? I thought the rebels took so much money and other things away from us while Buchanan was President."

"Yes, they did take millions of dollars' worth, and we can't defend ourselves nearly

so well, on account of these losses. Some money is raised by taxes that we pay on property; there are other ways, too, of getting it. But the government, and better still, the people, are all the more active just now because their need is great. There are twenty million loyal Americans, Frank, determined to defend their country; and within the last three or four months they've given, of their own free will, thirty-two million dollars—as I read yesterday—to carry on the war; therefore I suppose it is safe, don't you?"

"Thirty-two millions!" repeated both boys at once, for they had never heard of such an amount of money.

"I can't think how much that is," said Roger, looked very puzzled. "How did they give it, mother? If I wanted to help the country with money, I shouldn't know how to do it."

"There are several ways. Many of the State Legislatures, for instance, have voted a supply of so much to the General Government, and then the money was raised

by the inhabitants throughout the State. In the large cities and towns meetings have been held, where men subscribed sums for regiments going to the war, or for other expenses of the great cause. If you had money to give, Roger, you could dispose of it at such a meeting, or you might send a draft for the amount to one of the officials at Washington."

"Well," said Roger, with a comical air, "my few thousands would look so small beside those thirty-two millions, that I'm modest about sending them in. I'll wait, I guess, till I've made a little more money. Heigh-ho! there's Daniel gets a pile of dollars every month for soldiering. If I was a drummer-boy, now,"—

"Isn't it time for another letter from him?" asked Frank.

For a long time had indeed passed since the family had heard at length from the absent brother. Once there came a note from the Relay House, between Baltimore and Washington. He was then in General Butler's command, and mentioned of an at-

tempt the rebels made to kill our soldiers by poisoning their food. "You would laugh," he wrote, "at some of the discoveries we make here every day. Our business is to search each train for contraband articles or persons. Sometimes we find a heavily dressed female, with calm face and large hoops, alone in the car. 'What will you do with her,' is the question that naturally agitates our minds. At last, after some uneasy reflection, the lady is politely requested to rise, in the hope that by so doing she may drop some of her smuggling; which she does sometimes, but not always. In the next car sits a man who makes a great bluster about the search. He is carefully examined, and very politely requested to turn his pockets inside out, when down fall half a dozen letters directed to people south of the Potomac, and for that reason, confiscated. When the passengers are all searched, the baggage takes its turn, just as if it were in the hands of custom house officers. Here is a small red trunk, marked "Mary Birkitt." Being merely a common

wooden receptacle, such as any country girl might claim, it hasn't a suspicious look ; but since no Mary Birkitt appears, the trunk must be opened without her consent. On the top we find a clean pair of undersleeves, and some other 'chicken fixins,' then a dress, then two million percussion caps ! Mistress Mary, quite contrary to her expectations, waits in vain for her little trunk, while the caps go off on Union muskets.

“Colonel Jones was going through a car, on the look-out, once, when he found a lunch basket containing sandwiches and gingerbread. While he was ‘seeing what he could see,’ the conductor came up and remarked that the old lady who owned the basket had just stepped into the forward car. Well, if it belonged to an old lady, the Colonel wouldn't disturb it ; so he simply took hold of the handle to see how much the thing weighed. Not being quite satisfied with his experiment, he looked again, and found half a peck of brass buttons on their way to rebel uniforms.”

In the evening the family were again rejoiced by another letter from Daniel ; the more so because the parents had latterly seen news of a disaster which they tried to conceal from the children, but which added to the anxiety they constantly felt for their boy. Great was the delight, therefore, when the father unfolded a closely written sheet, and read to the eager circle Daniel's letter. The main part read as follows :

FORTRESS MONROE, June —, 1861.

MY DEAR ONES, LARGE AND SMALL :

I am glad to have a little leisure again in which to write something more than the scraps you have lately received from me. Our General is a real Yankee ; he is always ahead, and has the Yankee faculty of working and keeping others busy. You read, perhaps, of the way he took Baltimore—marching his nine hundred men quietly to Federal Hill at night, and proclaiming to the amazed people his occupation of the city in an extra the following morning ! From Baltimore he came to this place, which is at the mouth of the James—farther south than I ever dreamed of going till a few months ago. When our men left the Relay House, I staid behind, with half a dozen others, detailed for a job ; and later we came up with the Massachusetts—th, in which I found some of my college friends.

They urged me to stay with them, and finding the change would be to my advantage, I concluded at last to make it, and in that way I came here, still under General Butler. It's a great wonder to me that the "rebs" didn't get this 'Freedom Fort,' as the darkies call it, so near Richmond as it is, and the key to North Carolina. But 'twas a providential thing for us that they didn't. When Butler came down here, he went straight to work, as usual. We hadn't enough water in the fort, so he ordered the completion of a half made artesian well; and, meantime, water was sent us in casks from Baltimore. He has a plan started for a railroad from the wharf to the Fort, to save rolling up our fodder; and has already built a bake-house, so that we don't live altogether on hard tack. As he was short of horses, he sent for nine of his own, which he uses for public service. He found that whiskey was doing immense harm among officers and men; and as soon as this was fully ascertained, he destroyed every drop he could discover, and then had a talk with his officers, whom he persuaded to join him in the "total abstinence" rule. As this was done simply for the good of his men, we all think more of our General than ever. Whether we like it or not, we're all temperance men now. They tell, by the way, a droll story of one fellow here who used to imbibe freely. It has been the custom, when any "secesh" were taken, to administer the oath and let them go. One day a scouting party brought in a rattlesnake, and the question arose, "What will you do with him?" "Boys," said our tipsy friend,

slowly turning himself over, "what do you want to wake us all up for? Why don't you *swear him in* and let him go?"

The fort is pleasant enough inside. Gardens, trees, a nice old brick house and a chapel, would give it a homelike air, but for the great guns in the wall, and other warlike appearances. We have the most comfortable quarters here that I have found thus far. The barracks are clean and airy, and our fare is good. So you have small occasion at present, dear mother, to be anxious about my condition. In summer time, they say crowds of people resort hither to walk on the parapet. I often go down myself to the Sea Battery, that looks Northward, and watch the waves as they strike against the walls, like messengers, as I fancy, from our own shores, bringing good tidings and knocking for admittance.

You heard, perhaps, of the slaves that came to us for protection, soon after we occupied the fort. They gave themselves up to our pickets, saying that their masters intended to send them away from their families to work on fortifications in North Carolina. Our General put them to work in *our* fortification, with the remark that he should "keep them as contraband of war;" and since that day no one here speaks of a negro but as a "contraband." The phrase "contraband of war," Frank, Roger, Maedy, means any article the enemy are not allowed to keep—what will certainly be captured when capture is possible. Such articles include arms, powder, provisions, public property, and now,

under Butler's rendering, slaves. Since the first "contrabands" came over, hundreds more have followed, and if they keep coming at the present rate, I don't know where we can stow them all. We asked one of them, "how many more were on their way?"

"A good many," he answered, "an' if we's not sent back, dey'll be comin' long, 'fore to-morrow night."

"What makes you think so?" we inquired.

"O, dey'll understan'" said the old fellow, "if we's not sent back, dey'll know we's 'mong our fren's; fur ef ~~de~~ massa see us we gets sent right back, *sure*."

The men were kept, and true enough, forty or fifty more came in. As I write I hear them at their work near by, singing a favorite chorus:

"Wake up, snakes, pelicans, and Seshers,
Don't you hear 'um comin'? —
Wake up I till you! Git up Jefferson!
Bobolishion's comin'—Bob-o-lish-i-on."

One of the officers was humming "Dixie" the other day, when his contraband servant interrupted him, saying:

"We's gone done singin' dat ar song, Massa."

"Why?" asked the officer.

Sambo was confused for a moment, and replied hesitatingly, "Well, it don't b'long to my profession, Sah, dat's all. I s'pose Dixie's down in Norfolk,—don't wish we was dar, nohow."

Lately a regular system of work has been organized for the poor creatures, and they prove obedient and cheerful at their tasks.

They are good friends to us soldiers; though how they ever became so is more than I can tell, for they heard little praise of us from their masters; but I've yet to see a black man that wishes well to the Rebellion. One of our boys was lately in Boston on a furlough, when a negro accosted him, and inquired after his health. At first the soldier didn't recognize his sable friend, but, upon thinking a moment, he remembered to have seen that same face bending over him as he lay wounded in Pratt St., Baltimore. It seems the negro's wife, a servant, saw the riot from her master's house. She tore her own clothes into rags to stanch the flow of loyal blood, and threw them out the window to her husband, who took them with some water to the injured man. There are good, though humble, Samaritans on the highways still.

How this "contraband" business will end, no one can tell. It is making great commotion among the "rebs" at present. One of them, Col. Mallory by name, came here and asked our General to return his "contented" slaves. Butler said to him: "You hold that negro slaves are property, and that Virginia is no longer a part of the United States?"

"I do, sir," replied the Colonel.

"You are a lawyer, sir," continued the General, "and I want to know if you claim that the Fugitive Slave Act of the United States is binding over foreign nations, and if a foreign nation uses this kind of property to injure the United States, if that species of property ought not to be regarded as contraband?"

The Colonel "wasn't prepared to answer," as the darkies say, and withdrew in silence.

But I have said nothing, as yet, of what I intended to write of; and it is, indeed, not a pleasant thing to mention. To-day is a very gloomy one in the fort, for we have experienced a defeat; the first one that has crossed my path thus far, and I hope from my heart 'twill be the last. ¶ Let me tell you the truth, so far as I know it, about the fights at Little and Big Bethel. Our loss was not large in numbers—sixteen killed, sixty-five wounded—but great in the loss of our foremost man. It seems that a short time ago, a contraband, named George Scott, came to Major Winthrop, the favorite officer of the fort, and reported that the rebels had intrenched themselves at two points between us and Yorktown. ¶ The Major reconnoitred with his colored guide, and found the statement to be true. Our General has hitherto been restricted by Government orders, but as these places were only nine miles distant, he resolved to attempt their capture. The plan of attack was mainly entrusted to Winthrop, and at dawn of day (June 10th) he set out with his men, the contraband Scott accompanying them, and at Winthrop's suggestion, armed; he is the first instance, I believe, of a colored soldier in the army. The troops reached Little Bethel by two routes, and by a sad mistake, they both fired, each supposing the other to be the enemy. The result was dreadful confusion and the disclosure of our designs to the enemy. However, it was determined at daylight to go on to Big Bethel, as rein-

forcements were coming to the help of our men. Here they made an attack without success on the enemy's battery, and then another which might have won the day, but for a repetition of the morning's error. Colonel Townsend mistook some of our troops for the rebels. He ordered a halt, with the view of attacking the imaginary foe ; but our beloved Major Winthrop did not hear the command ; full of energy and enthusiasm, as he always was, he pressed on cheering the few troops attending him, till within a few yards of the rebel battery, when he sprang upon a log to view the position, says one of his comrades, and a ball struck his brain, killing him in an instant. Such a man's death is a national calamity. I never saw any one that won the love and admiration of strangers so quickly. He belonged to a distinguished Boston family, was a young man of culture, and of religious principles, most genial temper, every inch a nobleman. Even his enemies praise him ; for Captain Levy, a rebel officer engaged in the fight, said to a "civ" (our short for a man not in the army), "If you'd had a hundred men like Winthrop, and one to lead when he fell, I should be a prisoner of war to-night in Fortress Monroe." He was among the first to enlist. "For," he said to a friend before the President's call for volunteers was issued, "I wish to enroll myself at once in the police of the nation, and *for life*, if the nation will take me."

All here who have seen him during these sixteen days, mourn his loss with unaffected grief. The fort seems

darkened, bereft so suddenly of his bright, brave presence. After his death, the troops retired, disconsolate and panic struck, leaving a few brave men remaining to care for the wounded, which they did nobly, dragging them in wagons with their own hands nine miles back to the fort.

One poor fellow, Sergeant Goodfellow, of Colonel Allen's regiment, was shot in the breast just before the fight ended. He handed his musket to the next man, and as his comrades flocked around him, he covered his wound, saying: "I guess I've got to go. But oh, don't mind me, boys, go on with the fight; don't stop for me." And thus urging on those who paused to support him, he sank to the ground. Just then his Colonel passed, and looking up he gasped, "Good-by, Colonel." The comrade who told me the incident, said that Allen's face turned white as a sheet; he bit his lips, too much affected to speak, and rode on to avenge the soldier's death.

Our gallant Lieutenant Greble won a proud name for himself before he fell. He had charge of a gun, and I doubt whether a field-piece ever did more effective service in the same space of time. He fired constantly for two hours, though left in an open road during part of the engagement with only his command of eleven men. His brother officers begged him to retreat, but he would not listen to them. When they urged him to take care at least, and dodge the bullets, as they did, he answered, "I never dodge, and when I hear the bugle calling a retreat, I shall go; not before." All through the firing he sighted every gun himself, as

calmly as if on parade, say his men, and noticed the effect of every shot with his glass, while every ball, went to the spot it was meant to hit. At last, finding himself left with only five men, he was about to cease his work, when a ball struck him on the temple. He cried, "Oh, my gun!" and fell dead—his last thought being, doubtless, an apprehension that his faithfully served gun might fall into the enemy's hands.

Adjutant Stevens, of the First Vermont, tells an interesting tale of his adventures that day. I give you a part of them in nearly his own words :

"Just as we halted to start to the rear, a rebel scoundrel came out of a house and deliberately fired his gun at us. This man, bear in mind, was simply a citizen. The ball whizzed by me and grazed the skin of Orderly Sergeant Sweet. After we secured the rascally shooter, I went up to the house, and found out the owner's name, with other information. On my way back I saw a horseman galloping toward me at full speed. I ordered a companion to cover him with his rifle, and, revolver in hand, ordered him to dismount and surrender. He cried out, 'Who are you?'

"Answer, 'Vermont.'

"Then raise your piece, Vermont, I am Colonel Duryea, of the Zouaves.'

"We grasped hands, and I told him of our late encounter with the rebel, adding that as a punishment for shooting one of my boys, I should like to burn the rascal's house, which, by the way, I had discovered in exploring, was a fine one, elegantly furnished.

“ ‘Your wish shall be gratified,’ said the Colonel. ‘I am ordered by General Butler to burn every house whose occupant or owner fires upon our troops. Burn it.’

“He leaped from his horse, and I upon the steps of the house. By that time three Zouaves were with me. I ordered them to try the door with the butt of their guns—down went the door, in went we. Colonel Duryea had a match ready lighted, and, with the help of some clothing found in a well packed traveling bag we soon had a rousing fire. Before leaving the doomed house, I went into the parlor in the right wing of the building. It was perfectly splendid. A rich carpet and fine piano, library, a case of costly books, carved sofas, chairs with needle-work seats, *etageres* in the corners, loaded with articles of taste, and on a centre-table a Bible and a lady’s portrait. In the dining-room I found a decanter of the best old brandy, which I brought away with me. As I came up with our rear-guard I saw a sight, the like of which, I trust, never to see again. Nine of our men stretched on the floor of a house, where they had just been carried, and eight of them mortally wounded *by our own troops*—the fatal mistake of the battle! Oh! the sight was dreadful! I cried like a boy, and so did many others, for remember the excitement we were in at the time. I thought immediately of my decanter, took a tin cup from a soldier, filled it with brandy, and water from his canteen, and passed the invigorating liquid from one poor boy to another. As their pale, quivering lips received

it, I wiped the sweat-drops of death from their foreheads. Oh, how gratefully the poor fellows looked at me, as they saw by my uniform that the usually stern officer was trying to do the duty of a kind, tender-hearted woman for them. One strong fellow, wounded in the head, and bloody as a butcher, soon rallied and was able to talk with me. Pointing to a comrade, he said :

“ ‘ That one stood at my side ; he was my section man ; I saw his gun fly out of his hands ; it was struck by a grape shot ; and a moment after we both tumbled to the ground.’ ”

“ ‘ I went out and picked up an Enfield rifle nearly cut in two by a ball.

“ ‘ That’s his gun,’ said he. “ ‘ I saw it’s owner die, and brought the gun back to camp as a memento of that dark day.’ ”

“ ‘ I was not in the action, but give you the account as I gathered it from the combatants. I can’t help a keen regret at the defeat, and understand now how soldiers that won’t flinch in battle will sometimes shed tears over a repulse. It causes a feeling of mortification that is all but unendurable. General Pierce, commander of the expedition, is almost crazy with sorrow. He is a good man, but new in his profession ; indeed, there were no experienced officers on the field ; and this lack probably explains the whole disaster. The loss of such promising men as Winthrop and Greble is an injury we cannot soon repair, not to mention the demoralization attending every defeat. Still, we have no

thought of succumbing to it. We are now safe as ever in the fort. The rebels, too, have evacuated Big Bethel, and have gained no advantage in the contest. If our disaster should result in the employment of capable officers, and the enlistment of more men to guard the nation's honor, we shall not have suffered in vain. One thing, at least, cheers me in this hour of despondence. As I mourn for Winthrop, I can but remember the glorious part our State—his State and mine—has taken in this contest. Massachusetts sent the first regiment to Washington; her blood spilt in Baltimore was the first shed in the war; her men first opened the pathway from Annapolis to Washington; they were the first to invade Virginia, and the first to reinforce this fort! It is fitting that the Old Bay State should march thus in the van. All have done valiantly, but all are willing to follow her who struck the first blow for the Revolution, and who has ever led the way in all noble advancement. "God bless the Commonwealth!" And Rhode Island is hardly behind her—the little State that the rebels predicted would be first among us to acknowledge the Confederacy! May all like expectations be equally realized!"

The rest of the letter was filled with messages and with thanks for a certain box that, after some delay, had reached the Fort in safety.

CHAPTER VII.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

FOR some weeks after the Warrens heard nothing directly from the war. Haying time came on, with vacation for the children, and as Mr. Warren found much difficulty in getting "extra hands" for the mowing this year—many of the laborers thereabouts having gone to the war—Franklin and Roger helped their father as they could in the field. Often in the warm, cloudless days, as the three worked together, their warlike talk contrasted strangely with the peaceful labor of their hands.

"What a great story that was about the French lady," exclaimed Roger, as he was turning the hay one of these afternoons.

"I didn't see it," said Franklin.

"Nor I, that I remember," added his father. "Let us hear it, Roger?"

“Why, a French lady, as they took her to be, dressed in black, went aboard a steamer at Baltimore—the *St. Nicholas*, I believe it was—and at the same time a lot of mechanics, with their bags full of tools, went too. But when the boat was under way, out comes the French lady with the mechanics—regular rowdies, all of ’em—rebels, with their knives and pistols, and they just told the captain they would manage his boat for him. They put off the passengers, and took on some more rebels, and when the crew was large enough, they went off and caught three more vessels out on the river. By that time they had grown so bold that they started back to Baltimore to capture something else; but the police nabbed them, and stopped the steamboat at the fort near Baltimore. The fellows showed fight, but found ’twas ‘no go;’ for General Banks— isn’t he the general in Baltimore now, father?”

“Yes.”

“Well, he sent a company on board to

bring them to the prison. The men hunted and hunted after the leader—that French lady; and where do you think they found her at last? Shut up in a bureau drawer,” and Roger ended his story with a hearty laugh, in which the others joined.

“I read a good thing about a rebel spy down there in Maryland,” added Franklin. “He told the picket-guard at Hagerstown that he wanted to see General Patterson. But when they brought him to headquarters, his hesitating manner made them suspect something wrong; so he was searched, and they found he was a spy, with dispatches from General Johnston to a man in Hagerstown. Well, they took off his rebel uniform, and put it on one of our men, and *he* carried the letters to the man they were meant for. The fellow told our soldier everything, and wrote a letter back to Johnston; but was arrested next day, and all his papers were handed over to *our* General.”

“That was sharp practice,” said Mr.

Warren. "Our men don't want for wit. One of them, a New York colonel, answered rightly the other day in Baltimore when his men were marching quietly through the street. 'Where's your music?' asked a bystander, contemptuously. '*In our cartridge-boxes,*' replied the colonel, and marched grimly on."

"What are cartridges?" asked Roger.

"Cartridges? What the men load with; little pasteboard cases that hold the powder and ball."

"And what is grape, father, and canister?" asked Frank. "Something they shoot, aren't they?"

"Yes. Grape means a lot of small balls tied together in a bag—not unlike a bunch of grapes; and canister is a tin cylinder, filled with shot; the tin vessel is much the same as a tea or coffee canister. When the gun is fired, the vessel bursts, and the shot flies in every direction."

"That must be nearly as bad as a shell," said Franklin, plying his rake, after the pause he had made to hear his father's explana-

tion. "Now there's another thing—caissons; sometimes we read of so many caissons taken from the enemy, and howitzers, too: what are they?"

"Caissons are the boxes that hold bombshells—they are for artillery; and howitzers are a kind of cannon, that fires at short range—mostly grape and canister."

"How do you know about all these things, father?" exclaimed Roger. "I should think you'd been to the war."

"Why, I read about them; and if I ever meet with a word I don't understand, I look for it in the dictionary—a good way to get information, Roger."

The boy began to whistle "John Brown's Body." To tell the truth, he liked information better than the effort to get it. After a moment, catching the spirit of the tune, he sang aloud in his clear, ringing tones:

"He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul's marching on!"

"And many a soldier," said Mr. Warren,

“is ‘marching on’ to-day, because John Brown was hung. If spirits in the other world know anything of what happens in this, he must have looked with joy upon a regiment that marched through New York a while ago, singing that hymn. It went up,” so Mr. Goodwin said, “as the voice of one man.”

“What! was our minister there?” asked Franklin. “Oh, I remember, he did go to New York, and was gone over Sunday. Did he hear them?”

“Yes, ‘and joined in the chorus, with thousands of people that crowded the sidewalks and houses. No statesman or military hero has ever been thus honored by our people; but the name of the old man who failed in an unwise attempt to set a few negroes free,—who was called a fool and a madman, and who died on the gallows,—John Brown,—has become the war-cry of the nation.”

Another afternoon, as Frank and Roger piled the hay-cocks, the father described to them some of the hard work soldiers do,

such as digging trenches, casting up earth-works, and laying corduroy roads.

“Now I thought,” said Roger, “the most they did was to march and fight, and have a grand parade when the General orders one.”

“There were some big battles in Virginia lately, father; I was reading about them in the papers,” said Franklin.

“Yes; Rosecrans is making his mark—a deep one too—down in Western Virginia. That’s a new State, boys, did you know it? One you won’t find on the maps as yet.”

“Virginia’s there, but nothing about Western Virginia. What is it divided for?” said Roger.

“Because that part of the State west of the Alleghanies is populated mostly by loyal people, who, soon after the rebellion began, called a convention and declared themselves for the Union. They chose a governor for the new State, and thus far they’ve been true to their principles, though they’ve had to suffer for them. If you’ll

remind me when we go home, boys, I'll show you on the war map where the battles were fought."

That evening, accordingly, the newspaper was spread on the table, while three young heads moved hither and thither above it, as the father traced out the points of his narrative.

"Here's the Ohio," he said, pointing on the map, "and here to the east is Wheeling, the chief place in that region. By the way, I found a scrap about that city the other day that I thought worth keeping, for it describes the first action of the new State for the Union. When Virginia seceded, the Governor sent the following order to Wheeling.

" RICHMOND, April 20, 1861.

"To ANDREW SWEENEY, Mayor of Wheeling:

"Take possession of the custom-house, post-office, all public buildings and public documents, in the name of Virginia. Virginia has seceded.

" JOHN LETCHER, Governor."

And here is the reply:

“WHEELING, April 21, 1861.

“TO JOHN LETCHER, Governor of Virginia :

“I have taken possession of the custom-house, post-office, and all public buildings and public documents, in the name of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, whose property they are.

ANDREW SWEENEY, Mayor of Wheeling.”

“If you’ll let me have that for my scrap-book, I’d like to keep it for you, father,” said Franklin, examining the bit of paper.

“Very well ; and here’s another about a brave Ohio boy :”

“Our men were surprised by the enemy near Vienna, Va., when some twenty were killed. When the Union troops retreated, they brought along a youth named Daniel Sullivan, whose arm had been shattered by grape shot. A handkerchief was bound above the wound, to check the flow of blood. This rude bandage was adjusted frequently by the sufferer himself, who tightened it to check the flow of blood, and again loosened it when the pain became unendurable. While lying in this condition, his comrades gathered around, and one said : ‘Sullivan, how do you feel ?’ The young man was dying ; but with great exertion he held up his mangled arm, supported by the other, and replied : ‘Boys, I’m for the Union still.’ While the

nation needs defending, these last words will ring in his comrades' ears."

"Some troops crossed to this point in the latter part of May," continued Mr. Warren, "by order of Major-General McClellan, when the rebel force retreated south to Philippi—here it is—which we captured from them a day or two later. It was there that Colonel Lander took his famous ride. He had a plan to overtake the rebel baggage trains, and desired to speak with another officer about it. But to do so, he must ride down a steep hill, and that at full gallop, lest the enemy should shoot him. His men stood watching, and fearing every moment to see him pitched headlong to the ground; but he rode on, and escaped without harm."

"He was as courageous as old General Putnam who took a ride something like that in the Revolutionary times," added Franklin.

"A little later the rebel General Garnett was routed from Laurel Hill with the loss of his cannon, tents, wagons, and a host of

men taken prisoners. This was the battle of Rich Mountain. Garnett retreated down here to Carrick's Ford on the Cheat River," said Mr. Warren, finding the place on a war map. "You see the rebels wanted to get among their friends beyond the mountains. But the ford being by nature a well defended place, Garnett paused to give us battle; he found shelter behind a thickly shaded bluff with his men, about three thousand all told, and poured a heavy fire into our troops as they came up. While the two armies were contending against each other, a Brave Indiana man named Colonel Dumont, crept up the bluff with his soldiers and gained the top at the left of the rebels. Almost immediately he was ordered to turn their right flank—that is, confront them on the other side, and make them give way. He marched down the bluff again, through the middle of the stream, while both armies were firing over his head, and forced his way through the thicket, to the other side of the rebel troops. When they saw him again with his six hundred men,

the whole three thousand turned and fled! all at least but one, a slender Georgian boy, who staid by his General and fell with him; for Garnett was shot through the heart. He and his young companion were the only faithful men in the whole troop. Our soldiers buried the boy, and here's the inscription they wrote on his headboard," said Mr. Warren, reading from the newspaper.

"We captured a thousand prisoners and seven guns, says McClellan's dispatch. This last engagement is called the battle of Carrick's Ford. We're driving the rebels out of Western Virginia fast," added Mr. Warren. "You know Jefferson Davis says, 'all we ask is to be let alone.' Somebody else says that's what the unclean spirits wanted in the Gospel; they were not 'let alone,' but 'cast out;' and this evil spirit of rebellion must be treated in the same way."

"Children, it's almost bed-time," said the mother; after a victory the army takes rest, you know, and you'll need some too.

"Why, so it is," said Mr. Warren, looking at the clock; "but it won't do to go to bed with our heads full of fighting, or you'll have the nightmare, and dream the rebels are after you."

"Yes, with bomb-shells like the one they sent into our troops at Big Bethel," said Mrs. Warren, laughing.

"Why, what kind of a thing was it, Mamma?" asked Maedy.

"Oh, a horrible affair, one would think, for no one dared go near it. The shape and pattern were so strange that the men thought it must be an infernal machine; and at last after due deliberation, they had it very cautiously taken to the arsenal. There it was entrusted to some of the workmen who unscrewed the percussion-tip with trembling, took off the outer wrappers slowly, and found the terrible thing was filled with what do you think, —a quantity of rice."

"Ha, ha," laughed Roger, "the rebs didn't want to blacken our Yankee boys' handsome faces. Now that *was* kind."

“Rice!” exclaimed Maedy, “why they might have had it for dinner.”

“Ah,” said the mother, “perhaps that day ’twas a question between pudding and powder; they couldn’t have both, so they let the pudding go.”

“Now, let’s have a little play, said Franklin. “Just a few minutes, Mother. What game shall it be?”

“Going to Jerusalem,” suggested Maedy.

There aren’t enough for that, Maedy, replied Roger. “I say blind-man’s-buff,” that game being one of the few old-fashioned things that Roger particularly liked.

And at it they all went, pulling their mother and Aunt Ellen into the sport, while the father, blindfold, dashed wildly about the room, now grasping at nothing and now clutching two at once, to the suppressed delight of the children. But the evening was too warm to play long at such an exciting game, and soon the young folks went laughing and panting to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GREAT DISASTER.

About a week after the evening war-story, occurred the great misfortune, and the great blessing, also, of the war—the battle of Bull Run. Perhaps some of you young readers can recall the time,—that dismal, rainy Monday when the tidings of defeat and panic stunned the whole North. The shame proved afterward to be less than we thought it, but that discovery could not soften the humiliation of the first shock. Every eye was lowered, every lip was dumb ; not so much for the defeat, though that was grievous, but for the panic after it. Our soldiers were not to be trusted ; they had fled in fear. Our grand army was “pouring back into Washington, a heedless, worthless, uncontrolled mob.” These were the tidings that crushed the high

hope of the nation, and made many exclaim in the first bewilderment, "the cause is lost." The seventy-five thousand three-months' men nearly all left the service and retired to their homes. The Government which just before had been burdened with companies, regiments, and batteries, eager to join in the contest, now found itself reduced to ask for help—and at first to ask in vain. The rebel host was doubled; our's cut down to half its former number. For once the people staggered; but they did not utterly fall. The land was full of gloom; and I doubt whether a sadder home could have been found in its borders than that of young Warren. Sorrowing for the common cause, and filled with anguish at the possible fate of their boy, the parents were as those already bereaved. The children wept to see them pacing the floor with smitten, tearless faces, and refused to be comforted by Aunt Ellen, whose troubled eyes were little calculated to soothe their sorrow. I know not what pitch this household grief might have

reached—for to the frightened children the silent agony of their father and mother seemed more than could be borne—had not a timely letter arrived from Daniel. Looking back, how faintly they had seemed to prize his former letters, how coldly they had read them! But now, through trouble, the great deeps of the family love were broken up, and tears sprang to all eyes as they saw the familiar superscription, while the mother held the precious envelope as if it were the hand of her boy, ere she could trust herself to read its contents. The letter ran thus :

WASHINGTON, July —, 1861.

MY BELOVED ONES :

I know what you must have suffered of late ; I have been tortured myself with my inability to relieve your apprehensions. At the outset, then, let me tell you that I came out from the battle of the 21st with no serious injury, and am at present in very good condition. I did get a slight wound, with which I am laid up here in the hospital expecting however to be discharged in a week or so. Perhaps by and by I can get a furlough ; I confess I should like one amazingly ; but just now, when the ranks are thinning by thousands, I don't like the idea of leaving even for a short time. But I

promise you, dear mother, that the next chance I get, if things only look a little brighter, I will seize the opportunity, and make a visit home. The time of the three months' men is up you know, but our boys are not inclined to be mustered out yet ; we've just begun to learn what a soldier ought to be, and we've no idea of retiring at the very outset of the war.

My hurt this time is a more fortunate one for my pride than the bruise I got in Baltimore. It's a flesh wound in the cheek, a gouge from a rebel bullet, but bids fair to make a good scar. You would smile to see how eagerly I watch for it, unless you happened to know how such honors are prized among us soldiers. A man with the mark of battle on him stands head and shoulders above his comrades, not to speak of the honor he receives at home. There's a sick man in the bed next to mine, and the first day I came I heard him groaning at a dismal rate. I thought I'd cheer him up a little, so I called out, 'Hey, comrade, don't be so blue, you're not going up yet awhile.' That's the soldier's phrase for dying. 'Oh, no,' says he, 'I almost wish I was. Here I am, down sick with rheumatiz and overdoing, and that lazy little Bill Hardy that stood side o' me, lazy as a drone till he took to his heels, he's got a most powerful cut over his ear ; and me a lying here with nary a scratch.' And the fellow groaned and groaned, till I called out, 'Well, you howl like that, will you, and make yourself sick ; don't you know if you keep still you'll be on your pins the sooner, and get another lick at the rebs ;

there will be a chance for you to beat Bill Hardy and his gashes before long, at which the fellow seemed encouraged and 'dried up.' You notice, perhaps, that my English is not improved by army usage, for in the rough life we lead, and with the rough men we meet, our polite home language soon falls into disuse. I am glad to say, however, that there is very little profanity or intemperance in our regiment, and in Sunday's battle it behaved *well*; it had no part in the panic-struck route that the papers tell you of. I wish I could give you some faint idea of that conflict. Certainly I never saw anything of war till that day; such vast bodies of men, such smoke, and blood, and tumult. Of the general outline of the affair I knew nothing at the time; for all a common soldier sees on the field is his own line, and sometimes through the smoke, the enemy's; all he hears apart from the great roar is the command of his officer. Even the firing is mostly at random. I remember fighting in the smoke from early morning, firing my rounds with my company, till toward three o'clock, when I was hurt; after a while the loss of blood affected me some, and I went to the rear, tore the sleeve from my jacket and bound up my face. Just then the order to retreat was given, and I fell into the ranks, but didn't report to my regiment till Monday.

My idea of the battle is formed mainly from what I have heard eye-witnesses tell. I have also made some good acquaintances, lately,—among them two aids,—and they've given me much interesting information.

“What are aids?” asked Maedy.

“They’re usually young officers who convey the General’s orders and otherwise assist him,” said her Father.

“The grand army began its march, you know, on Tuesday; part of it bivouacked that night at Vienna, a little west of Washington. It moved on by easy stages, till within a short distance of Blackburn’s Ford at Bull Run, where it found the ‘rebs’ strongly posted. Our forces were drawn up around Centerville; our preparations for attack, however, were somewhat delayed, and meanwhile Johnston’s army came to the help of the rebels, full fifteen thousand strong. I suppose you’ve heard how he outwitted our General Patterson at Winchester. The rebel commander sent out a cavalry force as a ‘blind,’ and then quietly marched off to join Beauregard at Bull Run. This at least is Patterson’s story, whom many think an incompetent if not a treacherous man, and whom the soldiers salute with groans as he rides past. Well, we had our divisions all posted, each in the place assigned it, and after some delay, the fight opened at half-past six on Sunday morning. Burnside and his brigade called out the first fire from the enemy on the Warrentown road; they pressed on, followed by Heintzelman’s and Hunter’s divisions, and nearly cleared the road of batteries, driving the rebels back a mile and a half. They fought obstinately, however, charging our batteries, and assailing us with artillery from the heights above.

Sherman and Keys' brigades crossed the Run, and fought hand to hand with the rebels, who were rallied by Beauregard and Johnston for a desperate stand. Corcoran's Irish regiment showed its pluck at the crossing; the men stripped off their coats and accoutrements, and plunged into the Run with their bayonets. Our fellows were baffled for a time, but finally held the position. They say Jackson's men were in the rebel front; and when the Hampton legion came to their support, the General shouted, 'Cover the retreat; we are beaten and must fall back.' 'Then I will show the enemy our bayonets,' replied the Hampton commander, and calling to the rebels by way of encouragement, he exclaimed, 'Here stands Jackson like a stone wall, and here let us conquer or die.' The men responded 'Stonewall! Stonewall!' with cheers, and 'tis said the general goes by that name among them now—'Stonewall Jackson.' But we *did* push him back, nevertheless, and in that struggle they failed to conquer. At this point of the battle our officers thought the day was won, and forwarded dispatches to that effect to Washington. We had cut down some of the enemy's best men, Bee, Barton, Fisher, Lieut-Col. Johnson, and others; the rebels meanwhile were panic-struck, and raised the cry of 'run!' Their President, Jefferson Davis, appeared on the field, riding a beautiful white horse, but even then the flight was not stayed. The sight of his wounded friends, and the forlorn aspect of his army, must have made him heavy-hearted.

At this juncture when our pioneers had remov-

ed the obstructions near the bridge, and some of our forces were on their way to cross the Run to aid in completing our triumph, we heard a prolonged cheer from the rebel ranks. 'Kirby is coming! Kirby is coming with thirty thousand men!' thundered along their lines; and up came Kirby Smith, a Connecticut traitor, with a host behind him that was not quite thirty thousand strong, but yet looked very much like it. And now bear in mind the condition of our men; it was late in the day, they had been for thirteen hours marching, fighting, hungry, thirsty, weary, without help, through all that bloody contest, while their foe was being continually relieved by fresh men. Moreover, this terrible battle was the first that many of our men had ever seen. Let these facts partly explain the panic in which they fled from the fresh host opposed to them. You have heard enough about that. I will only say of it that there were whole battalions of men who went back that night in order, depressed, but dauntless still; while the wretched stuff that formed a part of the army, went back on a race, to fill Washington and the country with false alarms. The army should not be judged from its off-scouring, nor from rebel reports, some of which are laughable enough; as for instance that they 'chased old Scott so close he had to leave his coach, and in running lost his epaulettes, and one of his cowardly legs;' whereas the veteran general has not been outside of Washington. Another reports Sherman's famous battery taken; but it arrived here without the loss of a gun.

The opinion prevails in the army that our movements have been too long delayed. It is affirmed that we had time and means with our force to march into Richmond by the first of July, before the place was strongly defended, or the rebel hosts mustered. I cannot say how far this opinion is correct, but one fact is plain ; we have been in no hurry to attack. If Patterson had kept Johnston from coming up, I think we should have gained the battle despite the delay ; and how a loyal general confronting a rebel force away off in Winchester, could deliberately depart and leave the road clear for him to reinforce Beauregard, is more than I can understand. There's a story around—and a true one too—that he refused for a long while to show the flag at his house in Philadelphia, at the time of the popular uprising, after the news of Sumter ; and moreover, he's known to be of the extreme pro-slavery party in politics. The care of the Union is hardly safe in such hands. Sometimes it happens that the privates behave more worthily than their commanders. That intrepid seaman, William Conway, for instance, did so who disobeyed orders at Pensacola, Florida. The lieutenant intended to surrender that important naval station, and commanded the flag to be hauled down. 'I'll be shot first,' said Conway, and actually refused to execute the order. No one had the face to punish him, and as Pensacola is not surrendered, I'm inclined to think he'll never get anything but glory for his disobedience.

While we were suffering for reinforcements twenty thousand volunteers were lying idle here in Wash-

ington. Why they were not at Bull Run can only be explained by those who control the military department. I think, too, they'll have to ferret out some of the traitors at home before we can move to advantage on the field, for our officers say it was plain from the enemy's movements that he knew beforehand our plan of battle, and facts kept secret here, known only to a few high officials, were reported at rebel headquarters.

Another misfortune of the battle was the disabling of two Generals—Hunter and Heintzelman. They were carried away wounded, early in the attack, when we most needed their wisdom and leadership. Our defeat in this first great engagement is a great blow to our hopes, and yet I hope it will bring us some compensation. If it serves only to sift the army—officers and men—from the chaff scattered through it, that will be a blessing. And I do believe that the North, rising from the present depression, will rally firmer than ever before to the defense of our imperiled Union. We *must* move onward till the good flag waves throughout the length and breadth of the land.

July 26.—I had to stop awhile, as my wound was inflamed, and the Doctor would not allow much writing at once. In all this I haven't mentioned a little story saved up for Maedy, about our 'child of the regiment.' Next to my own little sister, she's the prettiest, dearest maiden I know, and that is saying a great deal. She's only ten years old, this little Lizzy; she carries, slung by her side, a small canteen of brandy for

the sick, and she ministers to the men in various ways. Sometimes she brings a market-cart with her, and dispenses strawberries, cherries, or fresh vegetables, as she passes through the camp. She serves the regiment like a little woman, and makes herself everybody's pet as a matter of course. Well, before I left the Sixth we had a 'presentation' for little Lizzy, when we gave her a beautiful uniform, or costume rather, suitable to her office. Sergeant Crowley made the speech, the same man that bore the flag through Baltimore. The little lady received our gift graciously, and stepped into the hospital close by, returning a moment after, clad in her pretty new garments. Standing on the green with the banner waving over her, she made this little speech, which I noted down as she spoke :

'Comrades, when you took me, a stranger, and adopted me as your daughter, I had but little idea of what you were doing, or of what my duties were ; but having been in camp with you, I have learned to love you all, and I believe that you all love me, because there are none of you when we meet but have a pleasant word and smile for me. And now that you have put me in uniform, I feel still more that I belong to you, and I will try never to forget it. But you do not expect me to talk. Like this beautiful treasure, which is full to relieve the parched lips of my sick and wounded comrades, and which I shall prize as a remembrance all through my life, so shall my heart be a canteen full of love and sympathy for every one of you. Comrades, thank you, thank you.' And as the child bowed her

thanks, we gave her three cheers and a 'tiger'—as hearty a salute as ever went up for any General-in-chief, and escorted her to head-quarters.

But the pain in my face warns me again to stop. I expect to leave the hospital in a few days, and will send you further news as soon as possible. Meanwhile, with regards to all friends, and a heart full of love for *you*, dear 'folks at home,' I remain, as ever,

Your affectionate

DANIEL.

CHAPTER IX.

GLIMPSES OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

THE account Daniel gave of himself was so much better than they had dared to expect, that the Warrens were greatly comforted. They were cheered, too, by his hopeful words, and began to recover from the shock of the first news.

“He felt the defeat of Big Bethel so keenly,” said Aunt Ellen. “I wonder that he wasn’t beside himself over this.”

“Yes, but he wasn’t at Big Bethel; and he *was* at Bull Run,” said Mr. Warren, “fighting hard, and surrounded by men who were straining every nerve to prevent defeat. In such a case, to have done the best one could, must be a consolation, as it is to us farmers when the crops fail. By the way, you remember General Pierce that Daniel described as being so sorrowful after

the disaster at Big Bethel? I see by the paper that, after serving his time out, he has enlisted as a common private. That shows the true man. I would more of our officers had such courage and sincerity."

For a week or more after the battle Franklin busied himself with collecting incidents about it for his scrap book, and as the papers teemed with war-news, his pages were rapidly filled. He had a favorite plan of keeping a part of his collection for this subject, and thus make a sort of war story book. The rest of the family encouraged him in his work by saving whatever they read that was suited to his purpose. One rainy afternoon, when "haying" was past, and the children knew not how to amuse themselves, the mother suggested that Franklin should read some of his stories aloud.

"Oh, I don't want to," exclaimed the boy, listlessly, for he felt just as *you* feel sometimes, little reader, when you don't know what to do.

"Oh, yes, please, Frank," said Maedy,

who had found some work in her ever increasing doll-wardrobe, and was sewing busily on a stool at her mother's feet.

"I haven't had time to read the papers much lately," added his mother ; "I should be really interested to hear your extracts."

"So should I," added Aunt Ellen.

"Come, Frank, bring out your dokkyments," added Roger, who was disposed to rally Frank on his literary tastes, and who declared one day, when his brother was busy over his book, that he "looked exactly like old Squire Case, poring over his law books ;" and, thereafter, the book went by the name of Roger's christening.

Thus urged, Franklin slowly complied with the general request. As he turned the leaves his eye caught the words Bull Run. "Here's something about the battle," he said, as he turned the leaves, and read :

The treatment received by our wounded at the hands of the rebels is a disgrace to our common humanity. We have certain proof that, after the battle of Bull Run, Union men, left on the field, were brutally kicked, insulted, and bayoneted. One soldier states

that as he lay on the sod, he received fourteen wounds from a rebel bayonet. Afterward, when taken to the Richmond Hospital, his leg was amputated by an unskillful surgeon, and he came near losing it. He testifies that our men are entrusted to the care of young surgeons there, who are not allowed to operate upon the rebel wounded. A Colonel Estran, in their army, a European, was denounced for showing attentions to injured Yankees, and was forced to obtain his general's permission, before he dared brave the threats of his comrades in his humane work.

Eye witnesses say that the bodies of our slain were mangled by the enemy; that the limbs of our dead were boiled, their bones made into trinkets for souvenirs, and that leg-bones of northern soldiers are used as drumsticks in the rebel army. These facts told of a civilized people, could not be credited except for the many eye-witnesses who repeat them."

"That reminds me," said the mother, "of a great speech our Senator Sumner made once in Congress. It was called 'The Barbarism of Slavery,' and it showed how slavery made savages of people. A southern man tried afterwards to kill him for making the speech, and almost succeeded."

"But that was only proving how true the speech was," said Franklin.

"Yes, indeed: Brook's assault did as

much for freedom, perhaps, as Sumner's speech. What comes next, Frank?"

A young man by the name of Casey, belonging to the First Minnesota Regiment, refused to retire when his regiment were ordered back. He stood up against the foe alone, loading and firing as fast as he could. One of his lieutenants rushed forward with a drawn sword, and threatened to cut him down if he did not fall back.

'Cut away!' exclaimed Casey. 'I had rather be killed by you than by the rebels;' and he fired again before he retired.

Capt. Putnam was hit in the shoulder, and thrown to the ground.

'Our captain is killed!' shouted a soldier.

"No; he is not killed, boys!" exclaimed the heroic captain, springing to his feet. 'Forward! for God and Liberty!'

A private in one of the New-York regiments was seriously wounded, and carried from the field. His father came to see him thereafter at the hospital. The boy lay with his head downwards on the pallet.

'Ah! my poor boy,' said the father mournfully, 'I am very sorry for you; but it's a bad place to be hit—thus *in the back*.'

"The sufferer turned over, bared his breast, and pointing to the opening above the arm-pit, exclaimed,—

'Father! here's where the ball went in.'

Two members of a New Hampshire regiment were retreating through the woods, when they were met by five rebels, who called out, 'halt, or we fire.' The Granite boys saw their dilemma, but the foremost, a man named Hanford, from Dover, N. H., took aim and replied, 'halt *you*, or *we* fire!' At the words, both discharged their pieces, and brought down one rebel. Again, he gave the word to 'fire,' and two more fell. The others took a sudden leave, while the Granite boys went on their way unmolested.

Our boys died with courage. One was ordered to fall into the ranks. 'I will, if I can,' he answered simply. His arm hung shattered by his side, and he was bleeding to death. In a few minutes he sank murmuring, 'It grows very dark, mother, very dark. Poor fellow! His thoughts were far away in his Ohio home, dark, indeed, henceforth to the waiting mother.

A corporal of the Michigan Fourth became separated from his regiment during the withdrawal from the field, and was forced to seek shelter among the bushes. When night came he wandered along and lost his way in the woods. Being wounded in the leg, he made slow progress; and by the following Wednesday he had only reached the neighborhood of Fairfax. Needy and discouraged, he espied a Confederate picket, to whom he deliberately walked up and told his story; to his utter surprise, the soldier offered him food and drink, told him where he could find a stack of arms, and pointed to a negro hut in which he could safely sleep through the night. 'I am a Union man,' added

the southerner, by way of explanation, but preferred to volunteer rather than be impressed; by doing so I save my property, and must trust to luck for the rest. If we meet in battle, I'll not try very hard to hit you, and mind you don't hit me.' Truly there is one Good Samaritan in the southern ranks.

CHAPTER X.

WILSON'S CREEK.

"Well, wife, here's something good for us," exclaimed Mr. Warren, as he entered the family "keeping-room," and gave a letter to his wife. "We're in luck lately. It's from Horace this time."

The children overheard their father's words, and came rushing in from the next room. "A letter from Horace, let's see! read it! let's hear it! they exclaimed all together."

"At any rate," said Roger, looking at the post-mark, he hasn't gone to the war yet, for here's the stamp, St. Louis."

"Gone to the war!" rejoined Franklin. "Why, the rebels are all round them, out there. He might have been a soldier for ever so long, and not stirred out of the city, mightn't he, father?"

“ Yes, I suppose so ; for Fremont is in command there, and the place is fortified, I believe. Now, children, be quiet, and let’s hear what Horace says.” So Mrs. Warren read :

ST. LOUIS, Aug.—1861.

MY DEAR ONES :

Again the months have slipped by almost unconsciously to me, for I meant before this time to thank you for your news. I was rejoiced to hear of Daniel’s safety. It is his advantage, I think, that as yet he has not seen much active service ; for he’ll make all the better soldier for the drill and discipline he’s had meantime. Please tell me when you write, if he was at Bull Run. We have lived in constant excitement out here since Spring, and this is the main reason why I have not written more often. The guerrillas, scattered thick through the State, together with Price’s and McCulloch’s armies, both in Missouri, keep us in constant alarm.

“ Guerrillas ! they’re a dreadful kind of monkey, aren’t they ?” asked Maedy.

“ No, little one, you mean *gorillas*,” said Mr. Warren, smiling. But the two are alike in one respect ; both are bad company to meet in the woods ; guerrillas herd together like bands of robbers ; they are indepen-

dent of the army organization, fight when and where they choose, and they are as reckless, cruel a set of men as can be found on the earth."

You can guess something of the excitement here, read the mother, from the way one of our citizens left us lately. He was bound for a Free State, he said, where he could live in peace, so he got his two-story house on a barge, and had it towed up the river! The family continued to live inside, and when last seen they were sailing comfortably up the stream, like Noah and his company in the ark.

General Fremont, you know, was appointed to the command of the Western District in July. He is a great favorite with our German and other foreign population, and we all think him a man of ability. He has some brave men, too, among his officers, foremost of whom is Sigel, the "Flying Dutchman," as we call him, because when he is wanted in a place, he reaches it so quickly. He fought our first real battle, on the fifth of July, at Carthage, where the rebels outnumbered him, and made him retreat at last; but their loss was five times more than ours. His skill there, and the number of prisoners he took, made his reputation in Missouri. He marched his men forty miles, at that time, and fought two battles in two days, on short rations. He is very popular among the Germans here, for he was an officer in the Prussian army, and is said to be a first-rate artillerist, as well as a military leader.

But officers can't work without men; we are short of these, as well as money and arms. There's a difficulty, too, beyond these; for our new governor (Gamble) is opposed to Fremont, and refuses to commission his officers; so you can judge military affairs here are considerably muddled; but our general has managed, in various ways, to deceive the enemy about these things. For instance, when Cairo was threatened, soon after he came here, he was short of men; you'll see by its position on the map that it is the key to our State, a place he could not afford to lose. Well, there was a great bustle in forwarding troops; steamers were ordered, and the men marched up and down the streets with colors and music in such 'spread-eagle' fashion that we thought they numbered twelve or fifteen thousand. At night they were sent to Cairo. The 'rebs' in that neighborhood heard the place was reinforced with twelve thousand men, so they abandoned their game; and all he had was barely three thousand! With them he saved Cairo to us without a battle; yet the deception was so well done, that the report went all through the country, that twelve thousand men were defending Cairo.

I suppose you at home have heard of our battles at Dug Springs and Wilson's Creek, the last a sad one for Missouri and the nation. The loyal heart of the West beats mournfully to day over the loss of our noblest general; but Lyon's death will not lack avengers. Hundreds are springing up to fight for the cause in which he fell, and his name is the battle-cry on their lips.

Fremont sent him to the defence of our South-western region, with headquarters at Springfield. The rebels overran that part of the country, and General Lyon heard of two great columns coming to attack him. He determined to strike one before the other came up, and succeeded in repelling it at Dug Springs near Springfield. He lured the enemy into a fight by pretending to flee; but when they pursued, he turned back and put them to rout. After this engagement, Lyon had less than four thousand available men to put against Price with his army of fourteen thousand. Lyon and Sigel attacked the foe separately, early on the morning of August 10th, five days ago. Sigel fought hard, for at the next roll-call only four hundred of his twelve hundred men were present; but the enemy overcame him with numbers. Lyon at the head of his column attacked the rebel front, and throughout the battle was utterly reckless of his own safety; twice his horse was killed under him, and twice he was wounded. As he saw the vast throng of Confederates rushing again to the charge, he said to his adjutant, "I fear the day is lost." Schofield answered, "No, General, let us try them once more." Lyon, bleeding from his wounds—one of which was in the head—swung his hat in the air, and called on his troops to make a bayonet charge. A Kansas regiment rallied around him, and, as they saw their Colonel fall, severely wounded, they cried out, "We are ready to follow, who'll lead us!" "I will! come on brave men," responded Lyon. Just then a third bullet struck him in

the breast, and the noblest man of all the army fell. But the battle did not stop then ; six hours the troops stood their ground, and that after a night of marching. The Kansas men received honorable mention for their bravery that day, for they showed the good Free State stock they've sprung from. Major Haldeman, of the First, behaved like a hero throughout the conflict, leading his troops with the battle-cry of "Forward for Kansas and the old Flag !" Colonel Mitchell, of the Second, when borne away, severely wounded, met one of his staff, and called to him to support his regiment at all hazards. 'Twas the same that Lyon led when he fell. Toward noon, when the ammunition was about gone, including even that from the boxes of the disabled men, and when the enemy had retired, our troops retreated in good order, bringing their wounded with them, and reached Springfield at five o'clock. I suppose the rebels will claim a victory, but so do we ; and a young doctor affirms that, while he was looking for our General's body, McCulloch said in his hearing to a Union sergeant, 'Your loss was very great, but ours was four times yours.' It was a sad but glorious day ; We cannot rejoice over a victory so dearly bought ; and we say to each other, as we meet, 'No one can take Lyon's place.' We have Fremont, Sigel, Sturgis, and other brave men but none have the people's heart as he had. His last act, of leading a column against our enemies, and his last words, "Come on, brave men," will long be remembered. "Come on, brave men," seems to be ringing in the air, and the hosts of the land are

heeding the call. I, for one, can't stay idly at home any longer. I thought my duty would be done by giving money to the war, but it was a mistake. I've enlisted in Company A, —th Missouri.

Mrs. Warren's face grew pale, and her hands dropped with the letter into her lap.

"What!" said the Father in a startled tone, "Horace going? Let me see the letter." He took it and read:

I've enlisted in Company A, —th Missouri. When the State is in peril for lack of troops, and a man like Lyon pours out his blood like spilt water for the Union, it's no time for common men to hold back. I wonder I've been insensible to the need so long. Don't fear for me, dear parents. Somehow, I feel as safe as ever I did in Uncle George's counting-room, and if I should fall, think of Ellsworth, Winthrop, Lyon, and be thankful that I had something in common with such men—a flag, and, that like them, I could defend it! I think I can fight now, if I never could before. If our Union goes to pieces, I might as well go with it; if it's saved, I want to have a hand in its rescue. To hear the talk of some men out here is enough to heat the coolest blood. I think Colonel Boernstein's rule is about right for these times. When they talk about freedom of speech over in Jefferson City he shrugs his shoulders, and says: "All people zall speak vot dey tinks, write vot dey pleze, and do all tings dey pleze, *only dey zall*

speak nor write no treason." Somewhat of the same spirit is Captain Walker, who, if report is true, received a challenge from a member of the "Pillow Guards" of Memphis. Have you seen it? The fellow writes in a grandiloquent strain, inviting the Unionists to meet them "at any time, at any place, in any number, and with any arms or equipments," etc., and assures them in conclusion, that "they will be certain to meet the bravest guard the world has ever known." Walker, who is Captain of the "Prentiss Guards" at Cairo, writes on the back of the document, before returning it, "Prentiss Guards to Pillow Guards. We accept no challenge from traitors, but hang them. If we ever meet, you shall suffer the fate of traitors."

They must be a hard set in Memphis. I wonder if you Eastern people have heard that our flag was gone—dead and buried forever? Yet, so it is. Some Memphis citizens discovered the other day that the Union was no more; so they concluded to bury its symbol—their country's flag. They dug a grave and heaped the earth high above it; then, as if conscious of the lie, they rushed to a statue of Gen. Jackson to erase the motto: "The Federal Union, it must and shall be preserved." But before they could destroy this inscription a band of loyal men gathered unarmed around the marble, and declared they would die if need were in defending it. So the motto is preserved, and the good flag still waves.

I met a man lately who had some strange adventures

among the Secessionists. He is a spy, but that's kept secret, for a "short shrift and a ready rope" would soon end his days if the enemy found him out. He wouldn't tell me where he had come from, but 'twas somewhere within Southern lines. "How do you make your way among them?" I asked. "Oh, easily enough," said he, "I disguise myself, hang on the outskirts of a camp, lounge with the loafers, laugh at their jokes, examine their arms, count their numbers, try to learn the plans of their leaders, listen to one man while I am talking to another, join in the chorus of a rebel song, abuse the Abolitionists, slander Lincoln and Scott, brag on Beauregard, sneer at Northern fighting, talk about the beauty of Southern ladies and the homeliness of Northern ones, call New York a den of thieves and New Orleans a paradise of gallant gentlemen—these are a few duties belonging to my business." I must have looked rather dubious, for he went on quickly, "They don't seem very honorable nor desirable, I know; but the country is served, and I'm willing to leave the question of honor with her. The danger is a sight greater and more disagreeable than that of the battle-field—it's no wonder that while soldiers are plenty, spies are scarce." "Don't you have trouble in crossing the lines?" I asked. "Well, I reckon," said he, with a knowing shake of his head. "I was never so near givin' up the job, though, as this time. I thought my day for gettin' information was about over. "Where were you?" "Wal, I won't say exactly, but 'twas on the edge of a deep wood that ran by the

river, and the night so dark you couldn't tell B from a Buffalo. Rebel pickets were within call, while I, creeping on all fours, hunted up and down the bank for the boat I had hidden ten days before. Every cry of a bird or plunge of a fish made me think of the papers I carried, and the rope that would swing me in the air if a rebel should set eyes on me. 'Twan't no use to hunt for the boat. I'd lost my bearings—knew no more where I was, than a squirrel that's gone to sleep for the winter. You've jes' got to lay down and float on the current, says I to myself. There's no help for it; them northern pickets must be reached afore sunrise or you'll be a-swingin' from a limb of this Black Forest. Jes' then, as I was a standin' in the water, up to my waist, I heerd the low baying of a blood-hound. It sounded kinder good now, and no mistake! After having all sorts of fears, alone there in the dark on the great river, 'twas relieving to know for certain what one of the dangers was. I crept along down stream, the beast growling all the time beside me on shore, when something struck me in the breast, and I couldn't hinder a little shout as I grasped the gunwale of my boat moored under the bank. What with a-stiffin' the noise I was half choked, but scrambled in and set to hunting for the painter in the bow to let her loose. All of a sudden out shone the moon—the first light that had beamed through all that black night—and right there on the log from which I had just unmoored the boat, crouched the bloodhound, poising for the spring. I saw his eyes, red as flames,

and his open jaws ; the next instant the boat shot into the stream, the creetur' after it. I tried to hit him on the head with an oar, but he dodged. My craft careened over, and he tried desperately to get his forepaws over the side, but only managed to clinch the gunwale with his teeth. 'Now or never you villain,' I muttered under breath, and put the muzzle of my revolver between his eyes ; but just then I thought of the pickets on shore. The noise of my pistol might send a volley of rebel shots after me. The hound still hung to the boat, and all the time the water rushing over her side as if 'twould swamp her. I threw down the pistol and hauled out my 'Bowie' sharp and shining. It went clear through brawn and muscle to the nape of the brute's neck. He leaped half way out the water and then sank out of sight. Ten minutes pull brought me over the stream, and an hour afterward I delivered my papers. I have an errand there again in a few days, and if ever I meet a bloodhound again I shall know what to do with him," said the spy with a grim look as he ended his story.

But so many things come to mind that I could write on for a week, I believe, if the time would admit. We know not how soon we may be ordered away ; meantime I am settling my affairs, and helping the new clerk—my substitute in the counting-room—to learn the duties of his position.

Give Daniel my soldiers' greeting, please, and tell the boys they must come up and take our places if we don't return. I hope you won't be worried, dear parents.

God will take care of me ; His word is better than our fears. Perhaps I ought to have written before enlisting, but I didn't like to delay so long. I felt I *must* go, after thinking it over. With best love to all, and kisses for mother, Aunt Ellen, and Maedy, I remain dear ones,

Your ever affectionate

HORACE.

A postscript followed, with directions for addressing letters.

Roger was the first to break silence when Mr. Warren's voice ceased. "Horace gone!" he exclaimed. "And he never came home, like Daniel, to say good-bye!"

"Brother Horace gone to the war," echoed Franklin and Maedy, in dismal astonishment.

The parents were silent, for the sudden blow stunned them. Horace had early showed a talent for business, which developed so fast that within a year after he went to Missouri as clerk in his uncle's counting-room he was admitted as junior partner in the firm.

The hopes of the parents rested equally,

though differently, on Daniel. His years of preparation for a noble career, and Horace's diligence, which promised wealth, were now to be given up, perhaps forever, a family sacrifice to the country. Ah, how many such offerings has the rebellion wrung from the anguish of a household ! How many homes have suffered the same ordeal of wakeful nights and struggling days that these parents endured ! In the great day, when the books are opened, and the accounts reckoned, whose will be the sum of a nation's sorrow ? Who will be charged with the tears and moans, the wearing suspense, the life-long loss, the lonely chambers and desolate firesides of a great people ? Pray, dear children, that the Great Judge will show mercy to these guilty ones before that terrible day shall come, that they may repent of their crime and be forgiven. "For God shall bring every work into judgment. To Him belongeth vengeance and recompense."

CHAPTER XI.

PRIVATEERS AND THEIR CRIMES.

THE good resulting from defeat hoped for in Daniel's letter, was soon realized by a new uprising of the people, for the people, now more resolved than ever, determined that the great rebellion should never destroy their Government nor divide their country. With one accord they endorsed the action of that "Grand Union Convention" spoken of by a Methodist Bishop in the West.* "We haven't its report by telegraph," he said in preaching, "but it was held amid the fastnesses of the everlasting hills. The Rocky Mountains presided, the mighty Mississippi made the motion, the Alleghany mountains seconded it, and every mountain and hill, river and valley in this vast country sent up a unani-

* Ames.

mous voice, ‘*Resolved*, That we are one and inseparable now and forever, and that what God has joined together no man shall put asunder.’ And all the people responded ‘Amen.’ ”

“We will take our glorious flag,” said another Methodist Bishop*—“the flag of our country—and nail it just below the cross! That is high enough! There let it wave, as it waved of old; around it let us gather. First Christ, then our country.” Another minister, who was preaching at a camp-meeting, when the news of our defeat at Bull Run was received, closed his sermon, saying, “Brethren, we had better adjourn this camp-meeting; I propose that we go home, and drill without delay.” The advice of these good men was followed by whole regiments of Christian men. The South said, after the battle of Bull Run—or, as they term it, Manassas—that the war was mostly done, the spirit of the nation broken. But the North replied by raising sixty thousand men in two days. The President’s

* Simpson.

"War Message" stated that not one common sailor or soldier was known to have deserted his flag,—a most honorable record for our defenders by land and sea.

"Sixty thousand men! I guess that'll set 'em to thinking down South," exclaimed Roger, as his father mentioned the fact in one of his "war-stories."

"Why, that's a city full," said Franklin. "Do all these men go to Washington?"

"Yes, they are sent there first," said Mr. Warren. "There is hardly a town in the North but is busy now, raising regiments and batteries, recruiting and equipping the army as fast as the work can be done."

"But don't you remember the papers said Washington was full of soldiers after the battle of Bull Run?" replied the boy, "Where do they put all these new ones? How can they possibly take care of so many?"

"It does seem an undertaking, but they do it, and well, too, since McClellan has taken charge of the army. Do you remem-

ber I told you awhile ago about Western Virginia, where Rosecrans gained his victories, and Garnett, the rebel general, was killed?"

"Yes, we remember," said the children.

"Well, McClellan was then head of the Department of Western Virginia, but now he has that of Washington and north-eastern Virginia, while Rosecrans takes his place in Western Virginia. And McClellan has been reorganizing the army of the Potomac most thoroughly, arranging and dividing it in such a way as will make it orderly and easily used. In an army, you know, the smallest division is a company, formed of a hundred men; then ten companies or a thousand men, make a full regiment. Beyond this our army has brigades, divisions, corps, each with its commander, but all subject to the General who controls the whole.

Beside our soldiers, we have other means to uphold the Government. An order from the President has been issued lately, which

forbids all buying and selling between us and the rebels. They used to get many things from the North—shoes, cloth, and other manufactured articles. But now they must go without them.

“Jolly soldiers they’ll be, without coats and shoes,” said Roger drily.

“But, father, we get cotton and other things from them. We shall be badly off too, shan’t we?” asked Franklin.

“Yes, but the order won’t press so heavily on us, for with our means of commerce we can ‘manage,’ as the Yankees say, to get cotton, sugar, and rice from other countries. But the South can’t send out her ships regularly on account of the blockade, you know. They try to ‘run’ it, and are often caught.”

“Yes, there was the Sumter,” said Franklin. “What an excitement we had about her. To think she has destroyed so many vessels and is still abroad. It’s too bad.”

“And the ‘Sumter’ isn’t the first or only one. There was the ‘Savannah’ that ran out of Charleston Harbor. One day

as she was cruising about, a brig hove in sight. The Savannah thought she was going to secure a splendid prize in the shape of a richly laden merchantman. But the stranger proved to be a government vessel, and so the tables were turned; instead of being chased, the brig turned upon the Savannah, firing now and then to let her know she was expected to stop. After awhile our vessel came up close enough to 'board her,' and all hands surrendered without bloodshed. That was the last we heard of the Savannah."

" 'That reminds me of a little story,' as President Lincoln says," rejoined Franklin. "I found it only the other day. The wife of a Captain McGilvery, whose ship was boarded by these rebel pirates. The vessel was called the Mary Goodell. The pirates told Mrs. McGilvery they must have some 'goodies,'—sugar, crackers, and such things, as their stock was getting low. She said she had nothing for them but *arsenic*; she would gladly give them a good supply of that, but they could have noth-

ing else from her. The American flag was lying near, and they tried to secure it ; but she sprang forward and threw it into a chest. Then she stood on the cover and told them if they carried away the flag, they must take her with it. They didn't wish the company of a loyal-spirited woman, so they left her in silence."

"Good for Mrs. McGive-freely, or what you may call her," added Roger.

"What was the other privateer you spoke of? Oh, the 'Sumter.' Tell us more about her, will you, father?" asked Roger, who dearly loved anything like a 'yarn,' and whose favorite acquaintance was old Jack Roper, a sailor that after cruising over the oceans had by some odd chance come to end his days at inland Fairbrook. Jack had the sailor's license to stretch a point, and his stories were moreover sometimes colored with whiskey; but they were none the less interesting to Roger's ear.

"Ah, the Sumter!" said his father; "she's a troublesome customer and a swift one. She ran the blockade last summer."

“But why did they let her out, papa?” interrupted Maedy.

“Oh, they were trying to catch her, dear, but she got through the blockading line at the mouths of the Mississippi, a hard place to watch. You know how it looks in your geography.”

“Yes,” said Maedy, pleased to show her knowledge of the place, “I remember; there are two or three mouths, and they are broad ones, I suppose, though they’re so near together on the map.”

“The Sumter slipped through one of them, and darted about the gulf,” continued Mr. Warren, taking a dozen vessels in almost as many days. She went among the West India Islands, where there are always plenty of northern merchantmen with money and rich cargoes. The Sumter would open her big guns on them, and then they must either sink or give themselves up. The Government has sent ships after her, but she’s been too swift for them thus far; and the probability is that Semmes, her captain, will become a hero with

the southerners ; a bolder, fiercer pirate never sailed the sea."

"A gallus hero !" exclaimed Roger, who picked up "slang" no one knew how ; but as many good people thought that Semmes deserved to swing from the gallows for his crimes, perhaps Roger's title was not misplaced. "If I were a man, I'd take my choice on the other side. Wouldn't a fellow feel gay, now, to be thumping away at Fort Hatteras in one of our great ships-of-war ? I'd like to be there."

"But the fort is taken," said Mr. Warren. "What do you know about the Hatteras expedition ?"

"Oh, I've heard them talking about it. Old Walker"—

"Roger !" said his mother, reprovingly.

"Well, mother, I wont ; but it does sound queer though to say Mr. Walker,—he talks ever so much about the war ; sometimes he spends all Geography hour in showing us where the battles were fought, and describing them. He told us of General Butler's going there with the soldiers,

and Commodore Stringham with the sailors. They set out in August, and when they came to North Carolina there were two new forts ready to blow them up."

"Our fleet numbered twelve vessels, with about eight hundred men; the rebels were seven hundred."

"Yes," said Roger, "but their gunners weren't lively; they couldn't keep up with Butler. I saw a picture of the vessels—shells bowling in the air like sky rockets on a Fourth of July. The rebels didn't care to be long out in that rain. It was uncommon even for an August thunder shower; 'warm, but not exactly mild,' as the man said when the boiler burst. Their commodore gave up.

"Who was he?" asked Franklin.

"A man named Barron," said Mr. Warren. "He used to be in our navy."

"Did he? Well, he came back to us very suddenly. Butler took the forts and held all hands as prisoners of war."

"Yes, that expedition is a grand success—a triumph for the national cause," added

Mr. Warren. "The rebels will soon find their ship Secession sinking if our boys keep at work scuttling her in that fashion. It's a long way round rebeldom, but our soldiers are enclosing it with a 'picket' fence, as they, obeying the command, 'stand still and go forward,' as the old Hebrews were commanded to do. Last spring the rebels thought they would fight us on Northern ground; but after six months hard work they haven't pushed us out of Virginia—indeed, they are giving much of it up to our forces. Rosecrans is fast loosing their hold of Western Virginia."

"That's where their General Garnett was killed," said Franklin.

"Yes, at Carrick's Ford. Our men had several skirmishes afterwards, and in September they gained another victory at Carnifex Ferry, when Rosecrans pounced suddenly down with ten-thousand men upon Floyd, a man who, while in the service of our Government, robbed it of a million dollars or more. Rosecrans ordered a reconnoissance,—

“A what,” exclaimed Roger, “that’s a tongue-twister; do they expect soldiers to learn all their long names?”

“It’s a military word, and means to go round a place and look at it carefully. They determined to make an assault next morning, but Floyd prevented them; what do you think he did?”

“Skedaddled?” guessed Roger.

“Right the first time, Roger, and he did so in such a hurry, that he forgot to take his baggage and small arms with him. Afterwards he published a droll dispatch, saying if he could have had six thousand men, he would have destroyed the enemy, and taken *the rest* prisoners.”

“Hi!” said Roger, “kill ’em all and take the rest prisoners! That’s a gay way. I hope they’ll get just so many and no more as long as we fight them in Virginia.”

“Ah, but it wasn’t ‘gay’ a little later, at Ball’s Bluff. There we lost eleven hundred men, nearly half of them taken prisoners. Nothing since Bull Run has been so sorrowful as that.”

“One would think,” said Aunt Ellen, looking up from sewing, “that the ‘B’s’ of Virginia were bad places for Union soldiers, —Big Bethel, Bull Run, and Ball’s Bluff where Baker fell; I used to read of him in the papers, when he was a senator. His death adds one more to the list of good and talented men sacrificed in this war.”

“I heard something about our soldiers being deceived at Ball’s Bluff,” said Franklin.

“Yes, the scouts saw the moonlight glimmering through rows of trees, and mistook it for a line of tents. Col. Devens had to defend himself against a troop of rebel cavalry, and fell back to the Bluff, to wait for the aid of Col. Baker with his California regiment. When they came up in the afternoon the battle began in earnest, and though it went against us, the Union colonel was the hero of the day. He was foremost in the fight, minding the shower of bullets aimed at him no more than so many snow-flakes. The men, ’twas said, were ordered to lie down, between the

firing, but Baker kept his position. When a ball whizzed close by his head, he turned to his soldiers and showing them the shooter, said, calmly, ‘See if some of you can’t hit him.’ At one time he rushed to serve a cannon, which was exposed to the enemy’s fire so, that every one near it fell. His daring inspired others, and after a few minutes he was able to leave it to the care of men willing to *imitate his* boldness. But we all wish now that he had taken better care of himself; for a high-minded senator, a talented orator, and a pure-hearted Christian—and Colonel Baker was all these—is no light loss to the nation. You children will not often hear his name; had he lived, it would have been a household word throughout the land. It will ever shine in the history of that defeat. He fought with tireless bravery for several hours, and fell at last covered with wounds, dying in an instant. Then our men began to waver. As they were met and slaughtered by fresh troops, they tried to escape, but in the darkness, the bluff and river were

not easily passed. Some of the scattered force were rowed back in a scow by an old negro ; some leaped into the water, while, in the confusion of embarking, an overloaded boat sank in the stream. We lost full half our force on that dark day, and yet those who were left did not lose heart, for when their Colonel addressed them a few days later, and asked if they were ready to fight again next week, to-morrow, that very day, they responded ' Yes, yes,' with cheers. When some wonder was expressed that any resistance had been made in the face of such disaster, Col. Devens said that, to a foreign foe he might submit, to traitors never. But the battle was not all disaster. Our soldiers there showed themselves willing to die ; they were courageous, without the hope of success, and you remember how much discouraging talk we heard after the Bull Run defeat ; the army had lost its spirit, 'twas said ; the men would not fight well. It was a falsehood which Baker and his followers answered by their behavior, and that twenty-first of October will be memorable in our his-

tory as a day of deeds. While men in the East were showing us how soldiers should die, our Western troops were driving and conquering the enemy. In Kentucky, the rebel General Zollicoffer, who has been molesting the State, attacked Camp Wild Cat, where our men were organizing. They fell upon him and his seven hundred men, and drove them so far back that they did not care to return. In Missouri, too, we were successful in an engagement at Fredricton, in the southern part of the State. Even Ball's Bluff will, I think, work out some advantage for us, judging from its effect on the rebels. Their heads are so filled with vanity that they've done little since but boast, dwindling their own numbers and enlarging ours, till the Southerners are ready to think beating Yankees is the easiest work they can do.

"Roger," said Frank, "what's that you were singing to-day about the 'gallant young Southerner?' Where you rake up such things is more than I can tell."

"Oh, that's a jolly one; I only know

two verses though. There's a long string of them." "Sing us what you can, do, Roger, that's a good fellow," said Maedy persuadingly.

"Oh, well, if you want me to," said the brother in his rough, good-natured way, "Let's see—what's the begining?" And he sung to a rollicking air these verses:—

"I'm a dashing young Southerner, gallant and tall;
I am willing to fight but unwilling to fall;
I am willing to fight, but I think I may say,
That I'm still more in favor of running away;
So forth from my quarters I fearlessly go,
With my face firmly set, and my back to the foe.

"The life of a trooper is pleasure and ease,
Just suited to sprigs of the old F. F. V's;

"I can't remember the rest of that," said Roger, pausing.

"Sometimes I put Sambo and Cuffee and Clew,
'Twixt me and the Yankees, who shoot into them;
But when at close quarters with pistol and knife,
I find it much safer to run for my life,
So the dust from my horse-shoes I haughtily throw,
As I dash from the field with my back to the foe."

CHAPTER XII.

REFUGEES AND THEIR SORROWS.

“Mamma,” said Meady, looking up from the sock she had been knitting intently,—it was her first effort in that direction, and if it succeeded was to be a Christmas present to Papa of a pair of winter socks. She had courageously given up the Saturday afternoon play, to sit down by her mother, who was making some flannel shirts to go to Daniel, far away in camp.

“Well, deary,”—

“Oh, here’s a mistake—I forget so about the ribbing—can you make that into a seam stitch, mamma?”

“Let me see it, Maedy.” Meantime, as the child sat waiting for the error to be righted, the thought it had driven out came back again.

“Mamma,” she said again, “I was think-

ing about the rebels ; sometimes I do really feel sorry for them, for when we get a victory, or when people talk against them I think, ‘suppose you were a little rebel, how sadly you would feel’; and then I pity them ; though they are so bad, I suppose it isn’t just right.”

“Oh, yes, my darling it is right,” said Mrs. Warren, earnestly. “We must pity such people and love them too, for God does. I am sorry for the Southern people from my heart. It pains me to think of all the suffering this war has brought upon them. Most of us in the North bear them no ill-will, in spite of the hatred they often show for us.”

“But why do our soldiers kill them then,” asked Maedy ?

“Because the rebels are determined to carry out a wicked plan. They want to destroy our nation. And never mind how unwilling we might be to fight, yet the Northern men would be cowards if they quietly sat still and saw their Government ruined, their homes broken up, and their

lives in danger. They must fight for these; they hate the rebellion, but not therefore the rebels; the wrong, yet not the wrong doer."

"I don't see how they can do that," said the little girl with a questioning look.

"Perhaps you'll understand what I mean if we try to imagine how God regards a wicked man. We know that our good Father hates sin; but He hates none of his creatures; not even the worst of us. He tells all to come to Him; 'whosoever will, let him come,' He says, and he has promised to 'love us freely.' And all his followers are trying to destroy sin. Now Union people for the most part feel tenderly to our brethren in the South, though ready at the same time to fight for their country. I certainly would rejoice to help their wounded if I could; and so would most of the 'vile Yankees' as they call us. I've heard of a Methodist chaplain, who both prays and fights. Whenever he fires at a rebel he exclaims, 'And may God have mercy upon your soul.' That's what I should say, I

think, if I had to do such work. You might go through all the loyal States and hardly find as much bitterness and cruelty toward our foes as one common rebel cherishes against Union men. Here's the knitting. Remember two plain, one seam."

"Yes'm," said Maedy, as she began again to knit; as soon, however, as the work went smoothly, her thoughts went back to her mother's words. "What makes you think that the Southern people feel so, mamma? I know we've heard stories of how badly they treated our men, but don't you suppose they tell such things about us too?"

"Yes, but not so many true ones; for we're free, my darling, and freedom helps men to be just and kind, and slavery makes them unjust and cruel. That was made plain long ago in the world's history, but never more so than by the spirit shown in the conduct of this war. The Southerners try to injure us in ways that are far from honorable. They poison the food of our men; they burn our railroad

bridges, and put stones on the track to destroy whole car loads of defenceless men, women and children; they have refused to let their surgeons attend to our wounded on the battle-field; they make rings and trinkets out of the bones of Union men, and their papers are full of angry abuse and threatenings. You heard something of their cruelties at Bull Run. *After* the battle they obeyed the order to care for our wounded, but that was not issued early enough to restrain their natural ferocity. Long before the rebellion began they persecuted people who disliked slavery or loved the Union."

"How did they?" asked Maedy; "What did they do?"

"I'll tell you a story about a poor family that suffered at their hands," said the mother, after a moment's hesitation; and she laid down her work and took the little girl on her lap. "Then we won't talk any more about such things," she added, "for we can't help them, and they only make us feel sad. Not long ago there was a family

living near a village down in Arkansas. The father and mother came from New England, had bought a farm in the South, and lived there comfortably as we live here. They had a little girl like you, darling—we'll call her Maedy, and two boys—they shall be named Franklin and Roger. Besides the farm the father had a large yard full of lumber or boards, and these he kept for sale. By and bye the rebellion began to be talked of, and then the father felt afraid, for the neighbors hated Union men, and had killed several of them. So he kissed his children one night as they lay asleep, and went away, telling his wife to come after him when she could, and comforting her with the hope that they might have a happy home again in New England. When the rebels found he had gone, they entered the house and destroyed everything they could lay their hands on, even to the food the mother had saved for the children; for they are not ashamed of such cruelties. 'Go after your husband,' they said, 'we won't have you in the State another week.'

The poor woman sorrowfully packed up the few things left her ; but even then her persecutors robbed her of some of her boxes. She hired a waggon to go a little way, and thus she and the little ones were driven out of their home. She, too, started for New England, but found many hardships to endure, many rough words, and perilous escapes before she reached the Free States. Once out from under the black cloud of Slavery, a little sunshine brightened her path, and kind-hearted people helped her now and then, till at last she arrived at Cleveland, a city in Ohio, a thousand miles from her Arkansas home ; and she had more than a thousand still to go before she could reach her friends in New England. The children were barefooted and ragged. They had no garments but those they wore when the rebels turned them out, and the mother had only two dollars left in her pocket. The good superintendent of the railroad gave her a free ticket for herself and children, and other kind-hearted gentlemen added to

her stock of money. She seemed very grateful, but hesitated to accept their gifts, particularly the money. The gentlemen told her to keep it, and sent her on her way eastward. One of them wrote down her story as she told it to him, but whether the wandering father ever rejoined his family I cannot tell."

Maedy's eyelids were brimming with tears as the mother ended her story. Mrs. Warren tried to divert her thoughts, when Aunt Ellen's voice was heard calling, and she left the room to see what was needed.

Roger had come in during the recital, and perhaps from a boyish desire to add to the effect of what had been said, he now exclaimed—"Hoh, I know worse things than that about 'em. Down South they caught a lot of Union men and made 'em enlist. Some said they wouldn't, then the 'rebs' took 'em, cropped the hair all off their heads, cut up their backs with a leather lash, and put 'em in prison on bread and water for a month. But they got out, and lived to tell their story up North. They

weren't so hard up though as five fellows in Pensacola. They had to join the army too ; three said they'd rather die ; so the 'rebs' swung 'em off from the nearest tree. One of the other two, when he saw what was done couldn't keep still, but called the 'rebs' cowards and traitors. Then they took a pot of tar, and poured it all over him and set fire to it ! The men"—

"Oh, oh," cried Maedy, half screaming. With a shudder she ran and hid her horrified face in her mother's dress.

"Roger, stop," commanded Mrs. Warren, who had re-entered the room in time to hear his last words. "How can you be so cruel ? Let me never again hear you repeat anything simply to give your sister pain," she continued in a tone of displeasure.

"Why, mother," said Roger, disturbed himself at the trouble he had caused, "I didn't make them up ; they're true ; besides, I didn't think she'd feel so. I wouldn't have told her if I'd thought"—

"You did wrong, Roger ; go away and

think a little now ; go," she repeated more decidedly, "leave us alone."

It took all the good mother's care to divert the little girl through the rest of the afternoon. Ever and anon the sober look on her face showed that her thoughts had flitted back to the painful things she had heard. After Mrs. Warren had told many pleasant stories, and played some little plays, such as "what's my thought like," and "I love my love with an A," she persuaded Maedy to leave her knitting, and go with Frank into the wood-shed where he was to finish a doll's chair long ago begun.

While they were still busy in the shed, Mr. Warren came in, and soon after the bell rang for tea.

"Children," said the mother at table, "father brought us home something to-night,—something good,—guess what it is."

Several efforts were made to divine it, but without success.

"Did he bring it from the village," asked Maedy, who had sharpened her guessing faculty by playing "Twenty Questions."

“Yes.”

“Was it made there?”

“No.”

“Where then,” asked the boys?

“Hundreds of miles from here.”

Then followed more guessing and more mystifying.

“Why, what dull heads!” said the mother pleasantly. “It came from the West. Now guess again.”

“Oh, oh, I know,” they all exclaimed; “from Horace, a letter from Horace.”

Yes, they had found it. They clamored to have it read, but first the table must be cleared, the dishes put away, the curtains drawn, and the Franklin stove replenished with a hickory log. Then Aunt Ellen read Horace’s letter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DEFENCE AND AN ASSAULT.

IN CAMP NEAR ROLLA,

“Nov. —th, 1861.

DEAR ONES AT HOME: Your letters, with Daniel's enclosed, have, I believe, all come to hand, though not without some delay. We have been 'on the go' much of the time, and twice our mails have come near falling into rebel hands. You can't think what an excitement there is in camp when a mail comes in. Till the boys get to reading their letters and papers it's like Bedlam let loose. I've seen great, rough men, who never thought of flinching in a fight, fairly cry with disappointment, on finding their names weren't read off on the mail list—while others are rubbing the tears from their eyes, as they read the affectionate words of the home letter. I'm counted the luckiest man of our company, having received the biggest mail thus far. You'd laugh, too, to see us answering our correspondents. Just now I'm writing on a drum-head, quite a convenient desk, only the rim of the drum is in the way a little, and makes my letters too up-and-down. I begged the use of it from our good-natured drummer boy. As the mail goes out to-morrow most of us are



busy writing to-day. One of my comrades, sitting near, has found an old mess-kettle, and having covered the bottom with a newspaper he's slowly filling up his sheet. Another, stretched at full length, makes more headway on his knapsack. We're rather a hard-looking set, here in this Western army, though I'm free to say there are no better nor braver men fighting than you'll find in our ranks. But in arms, training, everything but courage and will, we're woefully short. And the times out here are even harder than we. Since Lyon's death on the 10th of August, our State has been struggling with the storm ; and the gleams of sunshine have been fitful. When the news of defeat came at that time, Fremont fortified the important military points in the southern part of the State, and then issued that famous proclamation in which he promises freedom to the slaves of Missouri rebels. There is a great outcry against it, you know, and perhaps it isn't the best thing for this time. Many of us in the army, however, are full of hope that before the war ends, not only his plan of freeing the slaves in this State may be accomplished, but that every American slave shall be set at liberty. Fremont had two hundred black men in his army at Springfield, sometime since, and for aught I know they were just as available for service as the same number of whites. I can but think our General has the interest of the country at heart, for last September, when he was in an emergency, and a Government order demanded troops of him, he sent them without hesitation, though his friend, Senator

Colfax, advised him to send word that they could not possibly be spared. 'No,' said Fremont, "they must go," though his own plans should be defeated and himself sacrificed. In his position at the time that was noble, for news had just come that Price, with twenty-five thousand men, was besieging our Colonel Mulligan, whose little force of twenty-seven hundred, short of ammunition, were entrenched on Masonic Hill, overlooking Lexington. Now, Fremont was straining every nerve to reinforce that brave leader. His army of fifty-six thousand was disposed for the most part at seven different points in his department, including St. Louis, where there were but seven thousand men. The Department covers a vast extent, as you will see by referring to the map; it comprises Illinois, and all the country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico. The same day that brought news of Price's advance brought also a pressing demand for more troops from Grant, commanding at Cairo, which the rebels were threatening, and the order from Washington for "five thousand well-armed infantry" to be forwarded without delay. Well, Fremont did the best he could, and though the effort failed, I doubt whether any man could do better. He sent part of the force to Washington, and ordered men from Jefferson City, from Pope's command, and other quarters to the relief of Mulligan, but no force ever reached that sorely-pressed commander. Some were beaten back on the way, some delayed by bad roads—and Mulligan was left to his

fate. The siege lasted eight days. On the fifth the enemy cut off all access to the river; and till the surrender, our men had no water except what they caught in their blankets during rain, and wrung out in camp-dishes. On the fifth day the enemy charged with his entire force,—twenty-eight thousand men and thirteen pieces of artillery; a mass of human beings stretching “far as the eye could reach,” ’tis said, and for three days the shot poured incessantly over our twenty-seven hundred. The rebels took our hospital and made it a vantage-ground for firing. The chaplain, surgeon, and a number of wounded men were inside; and Col. Mulligan, who by the way is an Irishman, declared that it could not be allowed to remain in the possession of the enemy. Several companies tried to recapture it, without success, till finally the Montgomery Guard, Capt. Gleason of the Irish brigade, were brought forward for the task. With a brief exhortation to uphold the name they bore, the order came to charge. “And on they went,” says Mulligan, “first quick, then double quick, then on a run, then faster, a wild line of steel, and what is better than steel, of human will, till the eight hundred yards were passed, the slope gained, and the foe hurled down the hill. Capt. Gleason led his men into the building; when he returned there was a shot through his cheek, another through his arm, and only fifty of the eighty men he led forth came back. But the hospital was regained.” The rebels made unsuccessful assaults for three days afterward; Mulligan still holding out, though there was no water, little and

poor ammunition, and murmuring among the men, who feared a pestilence from the numbers of dead horses lying on the hillside. When a demand for surrender was sent, the colonel replied, "if you want us come and take us." At last, on the 20th Sept., when the "rebs" had entrenched themselves within ten rods of the beleaguered men, an officer raised the white flag—and the defence was ended. A lieutenant relates that, shortly after, he saw Col. Mulligan—the man who had borne the horrors of this seige without a murmur, crying like a child, and exclaiming "death is preferable to this." But that defeat will remain forever honorable. Price felt it to be such, for he returned the Colonel's sword saying, "I should be sorry to see so brave an officer deprived of his sword." He refused to be paroled, and 'tis said his wife has gone to Lexington to share his captivity. Their little child, left behind, is seen on the streets wearing a dress made of the American flag. When an adjutant was called upon to produce the ammunition, after the surrender, he showed the empty cartridge-boxes of the men, and said, "I believe, sir, we gave you all the ammunition we had before we stopped fighting. Had there been any more, upon my word you should have had it, sir." We lost forty killed and a hundred and twenty wounded in this heroic defence. The rebels make small returns of their loss, but we know it was greater than ours. Lexington did not remain unmolested in their keeping; for scarcely a month afterwards it was retaken by Major White, commanding our "Prairie Scouts," a man that has yet to find the obsta-

cle that he can't get round or over. Immediately after the unsuccessful but glorious engagement at Lexington, Fremont mustered such force as he could command, in all thirty thousand men, and gave chase to Price, who was in the southwestern corner of the State. Sigel's columns joined us, and we all crossed the Osage on the 22d of October. We were encouraged at the same time by hearing that "Old Swamp Fox" was defeated in south-eastern Missouri. Perhaps you know him by his other title, Brig-Gen. Jeff. Thompson. He escaped—that is the only drawback to the story—but his gang was all broken up at Pilot Knob, and his occupation's gone in the bushwhacking line.

Well, we went on, Major White scouts keeping the advance. North of Springfield they were joined by the "Fremont Body-Guard," whose leader, Major Zagonyi, assumed command of the force. They laid a plan to capture Springfield by surprise, and rode all night to get there. And now, children, you may begin to open your eyes; for a braver deed than that "charge" of the cavalry guard was never done, nor will be were the war to last a century. I've heard they don't believe the account of it yet in the East, and I don't wonder; but it's true—not a word of exaggeration in it. I know a corporal who was there, an honest man, and his story tallies with the official report. When the guard reached the town there was a large force waiting to oppose them. Zagonyi said to his officers, "follow me and do like me." I send you the following scrap containing his few words to the men. "Comrades, the hour of

danger has come ; your first battle is before you. The enemy is two thousand strong, and you are three hundred. If any of you would turn back, you can do so now."

But not a man moved.

"Let the watchword be, 'the Union and Fremont.' Draw sabers! By the right flank—quick trot—march!" Listening to the story I could almost hear the ringing shout as their battalion dashed forward, over brook, fence, and lane, past the sharpshooters. In one moment these are cleared ; one maddening moment in which seventy comrades are stretched dead, or writhing on the ground. "Now strike," says the leader to a body of thirty horsemen ; they leap on the enemy's four hundred cavalry and it scatters in confused flight through the corn-fields, while the sabers of our horsemen flash after them as they disappear—a flying cloud. Zagonyi calls again, "in open order—charge." The line lengthens out that each man may swing his sword, and they rush with cheers into the shower of bullets that rains from the hill-side. "Blow," says Zagonyi to the bugler. "Tirra-tirra, la-la," he plays, but the next moment his sword swings red above his head. "Put that away ; blow your bugle," comes the order again ; and again the notes reply for an instant, and the sword drips in the air. "Mind your orders. Blow till I say stop," cries the commander sharply ; but the good sword has work to do, and between the notes fall the strokes as it still flashes, a red crescent in the air. At last the bugle's mouth is

shot away, and with an exultant shout the bugler plunges into the fight.

Afterwards Zagonyi arraigned him for disobedience. "You are unworthy to belong to the guard, you would not mind the order," said the commander. "But ze mouf was shoot off," replied the man, who was a Frenchman. "I could not bugle viz mon bugle, and so I bugle viz mon pistol and sabre." He was not discharged.

The mere sight of these horsemen is appalling; the enemy tremble, waver, and fly; they hurry to the cornfields, to the woods; they swarm over the fence, along the road back to the village; but wherever they flee, the guard is beside them. Zagonyi's voice calls to his Kentuckians, "Come on, I'm with you," and they follow the flashing of his sword. He approaches a barn; a man steps from behind the door and lowers his rifle, but before he can take aim, Zagonyi's quick saber falls on his head, and a jet of blood leaps into the air. The enemy fly to the village. Up and down the streets, in the public square, wherever a group of rebels are seen there follow the guard. It is a hand-to-hand fight, and no one may escape the fray. At last the Union prisoners are brought out into the free air to see the Stars and Stripes wave over the town. Now, tell me, with such a defence as Mulligan's, and such an attack as Zagonyi's, shall we not plant the true flag finally in Missouri? In the day of honor give her place in the front rank by the side of Massachusetts, New York, and the best of them. Even our two reverses, Wilson's Creek, and Lexington, are notable for the courage

shown by our army. In their moral effect, they are like victories, for they inspire with resolution and strength. Only fifteen of the "guard" horses were ever brought back to St. Louis, and the uniforms of the surviving men were so bullet-rent that they were unfit for further use. We hear no talk now of Zagonyi's "pavement soldiers," of their being "showy on parade,"—slurs that used to be cast at them by certain St. Louis citizens. The spirit of our Western army has been somewhat sobered by the loss of its general; for Fremont is recalled. We can only guess at the reasons for his removal, and there is any amount of grumbling over it, since the soldiers, if they are ignorant of what he has failed to do, are proud of what he has done in raising and equipping an army of sixty thousand men within a period of sixty days, and driving a strong rebel army to the very edge of the State. But, as if the recall was not enough, what should happen next but the abandonment of Springfield, by Fremont's successor, Gen. Hunter, and the return of our force here to Rolla again, while Price and the guerillas are suffered to retake the region wrested from them by our advance and the charge of the guard! To say the truth, for about a week, what with the two blows, I felt as if the rebels could scatter us like a basket of chips if they chose. I thought of going East or somewhere else, when my time was up, to enlist where there was more chance of success, but unless things get very much worse, I've about concluded I'll stay and fight for my

adopted State. Hunter did not stay long ; he was superseded by Halleck on the 12th of this month.

But what a letter I've made out here on the drum-head ! And not a word about some adventures of my own that I meant to speak of. You shall hear from me again however. Little Rub-a-dub has come for his drum, and can't wait as it is nearly time for "taps." The mail goes in the morning, so I'll close up with good-by to Maedy and the boys, and love to every one of you. Don't be anxious, dear mother, about me. I keep sound and "hearty as a trooper," and remain ever,

Your affectionate

HORACE.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOLIDAYS.

“Thanksgiving is coming,” shouted the children, as they woke one morning to find a sprinkling of snow thrown like a lace veil over the earth. But one could guess the day was near without looking out the window; for in the kitchen lay a great orange colored pumpkin, and cut, cut, went the chopper through the mince-meat as Aunt Ellen sang:

“Long may our land be bright,
With freedom’s holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.”

The house was astir, the children cracked nuts, and Roger was commissioned to catch the proudest turkey of the flock, in which undertaking the boy outdid the bird in fuss and noise. At last the pies were baked,

the cranberries jellied, and the "gobbler" safely stowed away in the oven, with Aunt Ellen at hand to watch him, while the others went to offer thanks in the service at church. How the good care of God had blessed them through this eventful year! How had He kept their nation "when the blast of the terrible ones was as a storm against the wall!"

"Let us praise him," said Mr. Goodwin, "for the Spirit He has sent us, for the uprising of the people, for the full coffers of our treasury, for the produce of our fields; not forgetting to thank Him especially for the two hundred thousand men that fill the disciplined ranks of the army of the Potomac, for the victories of Western Virginia, the retaking of our forts, and lastly, perhaps mostly, for the heroic examples and useful lessons of Big Bethel, Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, and Wilson's Creek."

"Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. In Him is everlasting strength," sang the village choir in its closing anthem.

More snow had fallen the day before, and then Jack Frost had covered it with such a thick coat of his patent polish that even the brown gate-posts shone in the sun-light. The children longed to try their sleds in the afternoon, but had hardly brought them out, when a certain jingling up by the barn caused a sudden scampering in that direction.

“Come, bundle in all of you,” called the father’s cheery voice. “Muff and Buff are in a hurry,” and what was stranger, they hurried all the way, steady, jog-trot horses though they were. The gay voices behind seemed to inspire them like the music of a quickstep.

But after the ride and supper were over, Maedy found a little chair beside Aunt Ellen, and said, “We’re tired of play, Aunt, won’t you tell us a story; you won’t say ‘no’ on Thanksgiving day, now, will you?”

“But I don’t know what to tell you, dear; I havn’t any new ones.”

“Oh, make up something,” urged Roger.

“Have it happen ever so far off, Aunt Ellen. I read a first rate story awhile ago about a man that got on a barren island among savages.”

“Well,” said Aunt Ellen, musing a moment, “I’ve thought of a little thing; perhaps I shall come to an island before I get through. Once there was a great city, full of people, and among them were hundreds of rough men, such as prize fighters, house-breakers, and thieves, who delight to make trouble and get up what the policemen call ‘regular rows.’ By-and-by, when a war broke out in another part of the land, one of these rough men said to himself, ‘why not get our fellows to turn soldiers? They kill each other with a good will; since they like fighting, they may as well follow it as a trade.’ So he got a thousand or so of the men together, and was sent with them, not to the field with other regiments—you can think why, perhaps—but way off to a lonesome, sandy island, named after a Saint; Santa Rosa, or in English, Saint Rose. There they

pitched their tents, and strange to say, lived entirely at peace with each other; but whenever the enemy showed themselves they grew fierce as tigers, and drove them straight back to their boats. Ten thousand men staid on the mainland watching the island, and by detaining them thus the rowdies were not only peaceable among themselves, but very useful to the army they served."

"Ah," said Franklin, "I know who you mean, the Unionists and Secessionists. But where is Santa Rosa?"

"Off the western coast of Florida; and these rough men, Wilson's New York Zouaves, are keeping watch over Fort Pickens opposite; and a cleaner, more orderly camp than that of Santa Rosa cannot be found in the country."

"Tell us some more about these fellows, Aunt Ellen," said Roger.

"Oh, I can't now. That's the end of my story, a true though not a long one."

The family had long been waiting for the "furlough" that Daniel spoke of in one

of his letters. In case he could get it, perhaps he would come home suddenly; and every foot-step at the door made a heart-throb within, at the thought of whose step it might possibly be. When Christmas eve came, the children hung up a stocking for Daniel with their own, "just for fun," they said; and it was not to be disturbed till he should open it. For fear Santa Claus might neglect such a big brother, they dropped in some gifts that had been preparing for him; but suddenly on Christmas day he made his appearance, somewhat worn by the long journey, but hardier and browner than he had ever looked before. The train had been crowded and delayed; by means, however, of a "forced march" that morning, he had reached home ahead of the train. He found that the good Saint, or some one else had not forgotten him; for behold, stowed away in the stocking was a little plated pocket-cup that took up scarcely more room than a watch, a have-lock, a comfort-bag, balls of pop-corn, and sundry other knick-knacks. What a jubilee

was held in the house that day! What stories he had ever ready to tell, of forced marches—so far sometimes that he had dropped food, knapsack, blanket, everything at last but the lightest clothing and his musket; of being glad to drink muddy water, of spending two hard working days without food when somebody made a mistake and the salt pork and hard tack failed to arrive, of the diversions of the men after evening parade, and the jolly times around the bivouac fires. His furlough lasted into the New Year, but the time was all too short to hear his adventures.

“The hardest thing I’ve endured yet,” he said, as they all sat together one afternoon, “is the sight of the wounded. The first time I saw a dozen men lying in a row on the ground, waiting to be taken to the hospital, I felt weak as a baby, and had to turn my head the other way. One poor fellow lay there with a severed artery, and his comrade sat beside him, pressing it to stay the flow of blood. If the hand had been withdrawn a few moments, the man’s

life would have ebbed away. To see brave men look as woefully as they did, suffering for want of care, gasping for a swallow of water, some in the hospitals suffering day after day for proper food and medicine, makes one tremble more than to witness the fiercest battles."

"But *must* they suffer so," asked Aunt Ellen. "Can't the Government take care of them? I never read the list of wounded, but I long to do something for them."

"The Government provides hospital wagons, surgeons, and nurses. But clothes, bedding, and food for the sick are furnished in very limited supplies. Then times come when many are brought in unexpectedly, and there isn't supply on hand for half of them. It's a distressing state of things, but they say that our Medical Department is larger than that of other countries, and that it does all in its power."

"Well, however that may be," rejoined Aunt Ellen, "it gives us women at home the heart-ache to know that a single American soldier suffers for want of supplies

and care. I've thought a great deal about our sick and wounded, and I don't know, Daniel, but you may find me among the hospital nurses some day," she added looking at him with smiling, earnest eyes.

But these words caused an outcry, in which the children's voices were loudest. "What did Aunt Ellen mean?" "She must be crazy?" "That would never do;" and so on.

"Perhaps it wouldn't," she said, "but suppose Horace or Daniel were lying sick in the hospital, what would you say to my going to see them? However, even if I went, the authorities might not want to accept me." After a pause, she added in a lighter tone, "tell the children, Daniel, how the ships sailed, when they took the forts at Port Royal. I was listening this morning, when your father took you off to see the new oxen, and the story was left unfinished."

"I only wish they could have seen the fleet," said Daniel, his face brightening at the recollection of it, as he rose and walked

the floor. "If there are sad scenes in war, there are also some of the grandest, and most splendid. I never expect to see a statelier sight than those seventy-five vessels sailing down Hampton Roads, just after sunrise—the great flag-ship, Wabash, steaming ahead. There were sailing-vessels, gun-boats, small and large steamers, and the steam-frigates. We of the land force numbered ten thousand men, under Gen. Thomas W. Sherman, commander of the expedition; but Du Pont, you know, was Commodore, and we only looked on at the time of the engagement; it was a purely naval victory. We left the 29th of October. When we were off Hatteras there came up a November gale. I never saw anything like it. The fleet was scattered, four transports were wrecked, and our own vessel shook as if she would go to pieces every minute. On board the 'Governor' the men stood forty-eight hours, emptying out the water. She went down at last, though, and some of the crew with her. When the flag-ship anchored off the South Carolina

coast, there were only twenty-five vessels to be seen, but ours with the others hove in sight during the day. After a vast amount of exploring and sounding, the channel was found, and the vessels, including the Great Wabash crossed the bar in safety, amid the cheers of the fleet. It was a difficult task, and when we saw it accomplished, I could but believe that God, who had brought the fleet in safety to that point, would give us a triumphant issue to the struggle. Then followed reconnoissances by the gun-boats, and something of a fight between them and Commodore Tatnall's fleet, which ended in a thorough peppering of the rebels, and their escape to the creeks. Here's a little map that I drew of the port while our transport lay at anchor," added Daniel, searching in his wallet, and bringing out a small square of paper, marked in pencil. "There, the fleet went round and round, between those two forts, for five hours—from a little before nine o'clock, Thursday morning, the seventh of November, till half-past two. Walker is the stronger fort, and

received special attention, but the procession of ships left their fiery respects on both sides, and a plenty of them too. The Wabash led the way; her guns fired a thousand and sixty times in the twenty minutes that was spent in passing Walker. For a mile and a half in going by the forts the firing was continuous, as you can imagine, from the fact that about fifty missiles fell into each fort every moment. The wonder is that the rebel garrison could endure so long; for one shell can easily harm a score of lives, and there for five hours shot and shell poured in on them like a shower of hail. At the end of that time we saw a boat lowered from the flag-ship, bearing a flag of truce in the bow, and our own banner in the stern; we supposed, then, that the rebels had struck their colors, and sure enough, a little later, the true flag shone like a flame in the air, and the bands crashed in magnificently with the 'Star Spangled Banner.' The rebels had fled in haste, as we found upon landing. Everything was

in confusion inside the fort, and the meadows beyond were strewn with clothes, arms, and fragments of all kinds. I noticed some broken carriages; and a slave who gave himself up to us, said that the rebels were so sure of sinking our ships, that they invited ladies, who came in these coaches to see our destruction."

"And instead," said Mr. Warren," they had to behold the American banner floating once more over the soil of South Carolina."

"Yes," said Daniel, "that banner is the first that has been raised in the State since the one at Sumter fell. The Commodore sent it to Washington with the message of our victory. We found a great deal in the forts. Forty-three large cannon, three hundred muskets, heaps of ammunition and camp equipage fell into our hands, besides the plunder that the men in the first excitement seized for themselves. Our gun-boats went up to Beaufort next day, but found not a soul there to defend it. Only one white man was to be seen, and he too drunk to give an account of himself. But the negroes

were dancing and hallooing, half-mad with joy at sight of our boats; they swarmed down to the shore with their bundles tied up in handkerchiefs, and begged to be taken aboard."

"Did you see them," asked Frank.

"Yes—a crowd of them."

"Oh, brother," said Maedy, what did they say to you?"

"They gave us a warm greeting," said Daniel. "We had to stay and garrison the forts. We didn't sit still there without some grumbling, though soldiers, like school-boys, have to obey orders. We wanted to pursue the enemy. They are getting alarmed in that region; for little more than a month later, almost the whole of Charleston was burned; that was another misfortune. And now the harbors of both Charleston and Savannah are obstructed. Naval men say the sunken vessels won't thoroughly close up the passages, but however that may be, the flow of boastful speech has been somewhat checked in that part of the Confederacy."

Afterwards Franklin found the following
“Song of the Negro Boatmen” at Port
Royal, by a poet who has touched many a
note for freedom :

“ Oh, praise an 'tanks ! De Lord he come
To set de people free ;
An' massa think it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord, that heap de Red Sea waves,
He jus' as 'trong as den ;
He say de word—we las' night slaves,
To-day de Lord's freemen.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
Will hab de rice an' corn ;
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn !

“ Ole massa on he trabbles gone ;
He leab de land behind ;
De Lord's breff blow him funder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind,
We own de hoe, we own de plow,
We own de hands dat hold ;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber child be sold.
De yam will grow, etc.

“ We pray de Lord ; he gib us signs
Dat seme day we be free ;
De Norf-wind tell it to de pines
De wild duck to de sea :
We tink it when de church-bell ring,

We dream it in de dream,
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream.
De yam will grow, etc.

“ We know de promise nebber fail,
An’ nebber lie de word ;
So like de ’postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord ;
An’ now he open every door
An’ trow away de key ;
He think we lub Him as before,
We lub Him better free.
De yam will grow, etc.

But the holidays and the furlough came to an end before the children were ready for school days again, or the parents to say good-by to their son. There was, however, a kind of hope and pride in their hearts, that made this parting brighter than the first one. After all, the change from the studious boy to the manly, honorable defender of the nation was not one they could regret, and as for Daniel, his spirit was unchanged, his confidence in the success of the good cause sure. “ Who knows,” he said, as he drew on the blue coat and donned the army cap, “ but we’ll all come

marching up from Dixie before the year is out, with our grand Potomac Army, our noble commanders, and our good President at the head of us all. I believe that our footholds are secured in the rebel country, and that the New Year will be a happy one for the Union." A moment later father and son were on their way to the depot, the children, meantime, watching Daniel's figure as it moved steadily forward to the soldierly tramp of his feet.

But of the conflicts and victories of 1862, and what share the Warrens had in them, we may perhaps learn hereafter.





**RARE BOOK
COLLECTION**



**THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA
AT
CHAPEL HILL**

Wilmer
929

~~Willbur Warden~~

~~16 Cherry Street.~~

~~Leeds, Mass.~~

~~January 21, 1910-1911-14-~~

Arthur Edvardson.

371 Prospect

St,

Carm

